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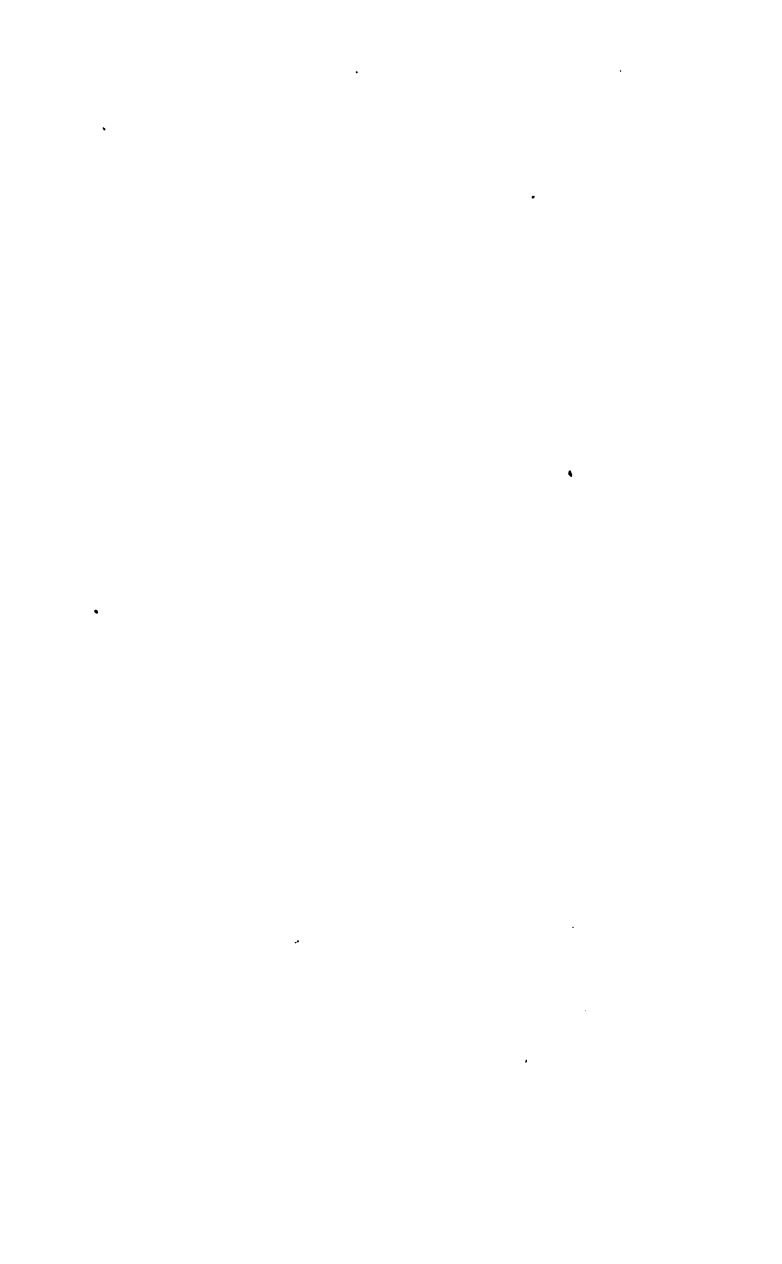
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THORWALDSEN

FONT IN COPENHAGEN CATHEDRAL.

Hymns on the Baptism

A SELECTION

HYMNS AND POEMS

REARRANGED

For Services of Baptism and Confirmation

"WASHED AS CLEAN"

"AS NEW WITH BAPTISM"

Stanzas



By

WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON, F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.C.S., F.R.C.P., F.R.C.O., F.R.C.S.D., F.R.C.S.E., F.R.C.S.N., F.R.C.S.O., F.R.C.S.I., F.R.C.S.A., F.R.C.S.F., F.R.C.S.G., F.R.C.S.H., F.R.C.S.J., F.R.C.S.K., F.R.C.S.L., F.R.C.S.M., F.R.C.S.N., F.R.C.S.O., F.R.C.S.P., F.R.C.S.Q., F.R.C.S.R., F.R.C.S.S., F.R.C.S.T., F.R.C.S.U., F.R.C.S.V., F.R.C.S.W., F.R.C.S.X., F.R.C.S.Y., F.R.C.S.Z.

MDCCCXII.

100 c 152







THORVALDSEN

FONT IN COPENHAGEN CATHEDRAL.

THE BOOK OF PSALMS

A SELECT

HYMNS AND

PSALMS OF DAVID AND OTHERS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1888

William Skeffington



WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON, PUBLISHER

100 c 152



Hymns on the Font.

A SELECTION OF

HYMNS AND POEMS

ILLUSTRATING

the Services of Baptism and Confirmation.

"WASHED AS CLEAN
AS SIN WITH BAPTISM."

Shakespeare



London:

WILLIAM SKEFFINGTON, 163, PICCADILLY.

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RECEIVED

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Dedicated

TO THOSE DEAR GODCHILDREN,

WHO ARE STILL

MEMBERS OF CHRIST'S CHURCH ON EARTH;

AND,

TO THE BELOVED MEMORY

OF THOSE,

WHO HAVE SAFELY PASSED THE WAVES OF THIS TROUBLESOME WORLD

TO THE

LAND OF EVERLASTING LIFE.

PREFACE.



THIS selection of Poems can plead little merit on the score of originality, but the Compilers hope that it may prove interesting, as throwing hitherto unnoticed light on those Services, which are so deeply important to all, since by them we are admitted into membership with the Christian Church.

The Compilers take this opportunity of returning their grateful thanks to the living authors of the various poems in this volume, who have most kindly and liberally allowed their compositions to be used ; and also to the editors and publishers who have granted the same favour.

Nothing has been reprinted without permission being asked, except a few Hymns, the authors of which were unknown.

WHITSUNTIDE, 1861.



PUBLIC BAPTISM OF INFANTS.

DEAR be the Church, that, watching o'er the buds
Of Infancy, provides a timely shower
Whose virtue changes to a Christian flower,
A growth from sinful Nature's bed of weeds :—
Fitliest beneath the sacred roof proceeds
The ministration ; while parental Love
Looks on, and Grace descendeth from above
As the high service pledges now, now pleads.
There, should vain thoughts outspread their wings and fly
To meet the coming hours of festal mirth,
The tombs—which hear and answer that brief cry,
The Infant's notice of his second birth—
Recall the wandering Soul to sympathy
With what man hopes from Heaven, yet fears from Earth.

WORDSWORTH.

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* This translation is original.

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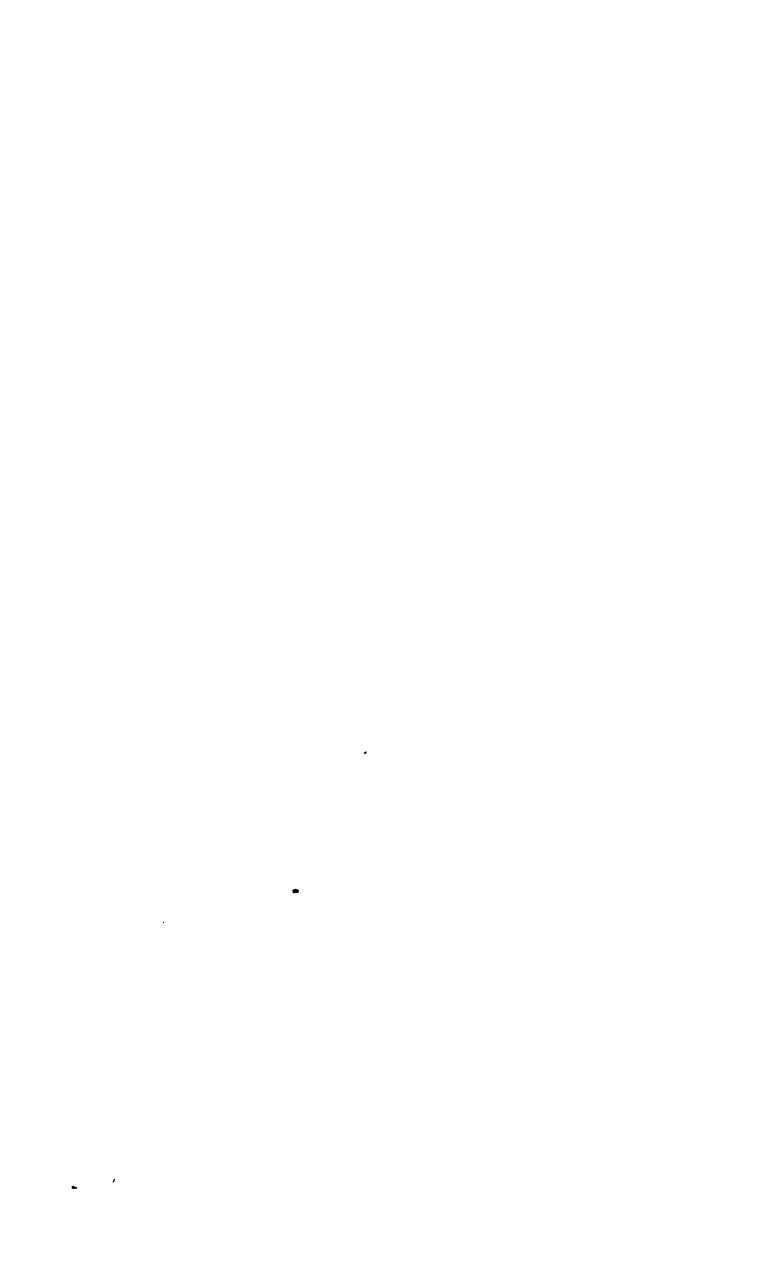
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ERRATUM.

**The HYMN, page 281, should have been
page 257.**

GLEAMS ON THE FONT.

Dearlly belobed, forasmuch as all men are conceived and
born in sin."

[PART.]

NEW CREATION.

Who may the wondrous birth declare
Of Earth and Heaven so vast and fair?
Yet, whensoe'er to Love's pure spring
A helpless little one they bring,
Those wonders o'er again we see
In saving mystery.

All in the unregenerate child
Is void and formless, dark and wild,
Till the life-giving holy Dove
Upon the waters gently move,
And power impart, soft brooding there,
Celestial fruit to bear.

Lyra Innocentium.

“And that our Saviour Christ saith, None can enter into the kingdom of God except he be regenerate.”

NOR think that any, born of Adam's race,
In his own proper virtue, entered heaven ;—
Once fallen from God, and perfect holiness,
No being unassisted e'er could rise,
Or sanctify the sin-polluted soul :
Oft was the trial made, but vainly made.

POLLOK'S *Course of Time*.



Except he be regenerate, and born anew of Water and
of the Holy Ghost."

CHRISTENING.

OH, if there be a sight on earth,
That makes good angels smile,
'Tis when a soul of mortal birth
Is washed from mortal guile ;

When some repentant child of Eve's
In age, is born anew ;
Or when, on Life's first buds and leaves,
Falls the baptismal dew.

But all the same ! The soul that in
That laver undefiled,
Is truly washed from wrath and sin,
Must be a little child.

Children alone that grace may claim,
Whether to babes be given,
Or to the childlike heart, the name
Of all the sons of Heaven !

See, then, the font, the church's door,
The group with gladsome look,
The water, and the priest to pour,
The sponsors, and the book !

What light is on all faces now,
As low they bend to pray !
How kindly on the grandsire's brow
Each furrow smooths away !

How fond the pale young mother's eye
Lights up with tearful charm,
To see her babe enfolded lie
Upon the surpliced arm !

But hark ! the tiny Christian's name,
Hush ! 'Tis the mystic Trine !
The Water, and the Spirit, came,
And there is life divine !

REV. A. C. COXE.



beseech you to call upon God the Father, through our Lord Jesus Christ, that of His bounteous mercy He will grant to this Child that thing which by nature he cannot have."

[PART.]

PRAYER FOR CHILDREN.

GRACIOUS Lord, our children see,
By Thy mercy we are free,
But shall these, alas ! remain
Subjects still of Satan's reign ?

Lord, we tremble, for we know
How the fierce, malicious foe,
Wheeling round his watchful flight,
Keeps them ever in his sight.

Spread thy pinions, King of kings !
Hide them safe beneath Thy wings,
Lest the ravenous bird of prey
Stoop and bear the brood away.

COWPER.

"That he may be baptized with Water and the Holy Spirit"

HOLY BAPTISM.

WHERE is it mothers learn their love ?—

In every Church a fountain springs,
O'er which th' eternal Dove
Hovers on softest wings.

What sparkles in that lucid flood
Is water, by gross mortals ey'd ;
But seen by Faith, 'tis blood
Out of a dear Friend's side.

A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth's charmers never knew.

O happy arms, where cradled lies,
And ready for the Lord's embrace,
That precious sacrifice,
The darling of His grace !

Blest eyes, that see the smiling gleam
Upon the slumbering features glow,
When the life-giving stream
Touches the tender brow !

Or when the holy cross is sign'd,
And the young soldier duly sworn

With true and fearless mind,
To serve the virgin-born.

But happiest ye, who, seal'd and blest,
Back to your arms your treasure take,
With Jesus' mark impressed,
To nurse for Jesus' sake :

To whom—as if in hallowed air
Ye knelt before some awful shrine—
His innocent features wear
A meaning half divine :

By whom Love's daily touch is seen
In strengthening form and freshening hue,
In the fix'd brow serene,
The deep yet eager view.—

Who taught thy pure and even breath
To come and go with such sweet grace?
Whence thy reposing faith,
Though in our frail embrace ?

O tender gem, and full of Heaven !
Not in the twilight stars on high,
Not in moist flowers at even,
See we our God so nigh.

Sweet one, make haste and know Him too,
Thine own adopting Father love,
That, like thine earliest dew,
Thy dying sweets may prove.

KEBLE.

***"And received into Christ's Holy Church, and be made a lib
member of the same."***

BROUGHT to the font with holy care,
And washed from Nature's shame,
We join the flock of Christ, and bear
The Christian's sacred name.

Blest privilege ! but all in vain
Our new and heavenly birth,
If we the truth of God profane,
And cleave to things of earth.

Lord, since Thy holy name we bear,
Like sons we would obey,
Mark Thy commands with filial fear,
And keep Thy perfect way.

So, Lord, the inward grace impart,
And bless the outward sign,
That love, abiding in our heart,
In all our life may shine.



mighty and everlasting God, who of Thy great mercy
didst save Noah and his family in the ark from perishing
in water."

WHEN safely on dry land once more
The Patriarch's house descended,
Joyful they spring upon the shore,
And thankfully their God adore,
Who thus had them defended.

Three weary months, on water borne,
Whilst earth was disappearing,
They gazed upon the scene forlorn,
And wept for those whose sinful scorn
Had mocked, with heart unfearing.

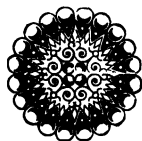
Yet, through that deep and dreadful tide,
Their God had them protected—
Had saved them in that ruin wide,
Had fed and succoured them beside—
By wonders unexpected.

Some are there rescued from a doom
Of sorrow more enduring,
Chosen from a world of sin and gloom,
And placed where they need never roam,
A course toward Heaven ensuring.

For Christ has raised an ark to save
From ruin ending never,
We enter in through Baptism's wave ;*
The power of hell and of the grave,
Subdued by Him for ever.
Let us our hearts and voices raise,
And daily give Him thanks and praise !

Hymns for Children on the Lord's Prayer, &c.

* 1 St. Peter iii. 20, 21.



Who of Thy great mercy didst save Noah and his family in
the ark from perishing by water."

[PART].

THY footsteps in dark waters move,
And like the sky is Thy vast love,
Thy wrath is fearful known,
As when the unheeding world was drowned,
And mid the o'erwhelming seas profound,
Was Noah saved alone.

Preacher of Righteousness, to plant
The new life-giving covenant,
On seas without a shore,
He went o'er the baptismal flood,—
The world's new sire, alone found good,
Christ's figure true he bore.

To Him, who, through all time and space
Lifts on His saints His beaming face,
Things heavenly, things below.
To Father, Son, and Spirit divine,
Who in their saints united shine,
The earth and heav'n shall bow.

Hymn from *The Paris Breviary*.

**"And also didst safely lead the children of Israel Thy people
through the Red Sea."**

[PART.]

WHEN Israel's hosts, beloved of God,
From Egypt sought the desert dread ;
By day the cloud before them sped,
By night the fiery pillar led ;
Unhurt, the Red Sea depths they trod ;
He rained down bread from heaven's blue height,
He bade the rock yield water bright,
Till promised Canaan met their sight
With blushing vine and fertile sod.

We seek a land of more delight
Than aught that promised Canaan gave ;
We have escaped from sin's dark grave,
Have passed the pure Baptismal wave ;
Christ leads us on by day and night,
The Bread, That feeds our weariness
The Rock, That in the wilderness
Still gushes pure and free, to bless
Our souls with spiritual might.

Verses for Holy Seasons.

**Bidst safely lead the children of Israel Thy people through
the Red Sea, figuring thereby Thy Holy Baptism."**

WHEN Israel, raptur'd with the pleasing thought
Of freedom asked, and wonderfully got,
Made cheerful thanks from every bank resound,
Express'd by songs, improv'd in joy by sound ;—
O sacred Moses, each infusing line
That moved their gratitude was part of thine ;
And still the Christians in thy numbers view
The type of Baptism, and of Heaven too :
So souls from water rise to grace below,
So saints from toil to praise and glory go.

PARNELL.



**"And by the Baptism of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ
in the river Jordan."**

Now had the great Proclaimer, with a voice
More awful than the sound of trumpet, cried
Repentance, and Heaven's kingdom nigh at hand
To all baptized. To his great Baptism flock'd
With awe the regions round, and with them came,
From Nazareth, the Son of Joseph deem'd,
To the flood Jordan ; came, as then obscure,
Unmark'd, unknown ; but Him the Baptist soon
Descried, divinely warn'd, and witness bore
As to his worthier, and would have resign'd
To Him his heavenly office, nor was long
His witness unconfirm'd. On Him baptiz'd
Heaven open'd, and in likeness of a dove
The Spirit descended, while the Father's voice
From Heav'n pronounc'd Him His beloved Son.

MILTON.

**By the Baptism of Thy well-beloved Son in the river
Jordan."**

Lo! he whose voice vast deserts made rebound,
In sprite Elias and in like estate,
All clothed with hair, his loins a girdle bound,
With locusts joined wild honey served for meat ;
He (as Christ's trumpet), ere He came did sound
" Repent, prepare," of men no man more great.
Yet did he judge himself (far short, indeed)
Too base to serve Who after should succeed.

He humbly modest (as too much esteemed),
When Baptism's Fountain Baptism came to crave,
Since but a sinner, and to be redeemed,
That which was sought wished rather to receive ;
Heaven (opening straight), to crave attendance seemed,
From whence a Voice this testimony gave—
(While like a dove the Spirit upon Him seized)
" This is My Son, in whom I am well pleased."

EARL OF STIRLING.

"And by the Baptism of Thy well-beloved Son Jesus Christ
in the river Jordan didst sanctify water to the mystical
washing away of sin."

[PART.]

BEFORE the sun a taper dim,
John stands, and meekly pleads,
Nor pours the hallowing wave; of Him
The Baptist washing needs.

But to obey his God 'tis meet,
Though He Himself depress,
Prepared all fulness to complete,
Perfect in righteousness.

Confessor, and great Harbinger,
Thou Baptist of the wave,
The Baptist He of living fire
The secret soul to lave!

To Him who washed us with His blood,
As has been heretofore,
To Father, and to Spirit good,
Be glory evermore!

Hymn from *The Paris Breviary*.

Bidst sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin."

It is not that the wave can wash our God,
 But that our God doth wash the limpid wave ;
 Touched by His flesh, as by a healing rod,
 Water hath learn'd new virtue, strong to save.

The fountain long foretold is open free,
 From guilty spot to wash the heart unseen ;
 O miracle of wondrous potency ;
 The flesh is washed—the sin-stain'd soul is clean !

'Tis thus, immersed within the sacred flood,
 The royal purple of the King of Woe
 Hath turned the natural wave to mystic blood,
 Making robes wash'd therein all white as snow.

The Holy Spirit on a virgin came,
 Thence God to us is born in wondrous love ;
 Upon the hallowed water came the same,
 And we therein are born to God above.

To Thee, who wastest the lost world with blood,
 All glory be, as hath been heretofore ;
 With Father, and with Spirit, only good,
 As hath been, is, and shall be evermore.

Hymn from The Paris Breviary.

"We beseech Thee, for Thine infinite mercies, that Thou wilt mercifully look upon this Child; wash him, and sanctify him with the Holy Ghost."

SPIRITUAL LIFE.

HE brooded o'er the waters at the first,
 The Spirit of life, o'er waters dark and dead ;
 And, as he brooded, formless chaos fled,
 Life glow'd, and Nature into being burst.
 And tho' the ground, by ban primeval curst,
 Sin's penalty, hath thorns and thistles bred ;
 With beauty still is Nature's face o'erspread,
 Fann'd by His breeze, and by His sunshine nurst.
 'Tis so with man. In his Baptismal hour
 The Spirit bathes and raises him from death ;
 And tho' the weeds of sin with noxious power
 Mar the celestial plant, the Spirit's breath
 Rears with its genial warmth the languid flower,
 And fruits of Eden ripen on the heath.

Musings on the Church Services.

That he, being delivered from Thy wrath, may be received
into the Ark of Christ's Church."

OH could I, in this gloomy, bitter strife
Of the o'er-wearied world, enter the Ark
With Noah, that beloved man of God !
(To stem the stormy waves no other bark avails) ;
Or with the Hebrew host, who prompt and bold
Crossed the Red Sea secure, and on the shore
Thanked God, with singing, and rejoicings high ;
Freed from the burdens that had sore oppress ;
Or when, like Peter's, my weak, trembling faith
Sinks at the aspect of the swelling wave,
So be it by my Saviour's hand upheld.
If in my course I am not like to these,
It is not that Heaven's mercies are grown less,
Nor is God's help less ready than of old.

Vittoria Colonna.

"And being steadfast in faith, joyful through hope, and rooted
in charity."

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

THE Christian virtues, one, two, three,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity,
May all find exercise in thee.

In Faith, sweet infant that thou art,
Of God's sublime decrees a part,
Thy mother holds thee to her heart.

Hope is the joy of Faith. It were
Sad to behold a babe so fair
Without the hope that makes a joy of care.

Well 'twill be if we can learn,
If loving thee, babe, we discern
The Love of God, and let it clearly burn.

The Love which sanctifies desire
Is, like the bush, unhurt by fire—
For which God grants what longing souls desire.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

May so pass the waves of this troublesome world."

PART.]

MARINER'S HYMN.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner !
 Christian, God speed thee !
 Let loose the rudder bands—
 Good angels lead thee !
 Set thy sails warily,
 Tempests will come,
 Steer thy course steadily,
 Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow—
 Breakers are round thee ;
 Let fall the plummet now,
 Shallows may ground thee.
 Reef in the foresail, there !
 Hold the helm fast ;
 So, let the vessel wear,
 There swept the blast !

Slacken not sail yet,
 At inlet or island ;
 Straight for the beacon steer,
 Straight for the high land ;
 Crowd all thy canvas on,
 Cut through the foam—
 Christian, cast anchor now !
 Heaven is thy home !

MRS. SOUTHEY.

“May so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life.”

THE BAPTISM.

How strange and sweet the wakening of the Spring
 From Winter's mantling cowl, with ice-drops hung
 And darkness ; or, from couch of Twilight sprung,
 Morn putting on her wild apparelling !
 How strange and sweet th' unfolding of thy wing,
 Ethereal stranger, when around thee flung
 The mystery of being, wild and young,
 Thro' swaddling of Hope's dark imagining,
 Thou break'st thine icy fetters, and to sense
 Awakening, day by day, from dawning eye
 Lookest around thee. 'Tis a dark, rough sea,
 But there is One hath made a bark for thee,
 And sitteth at the helm, to guide thee hence,
 Unto a shore where all is innocence.

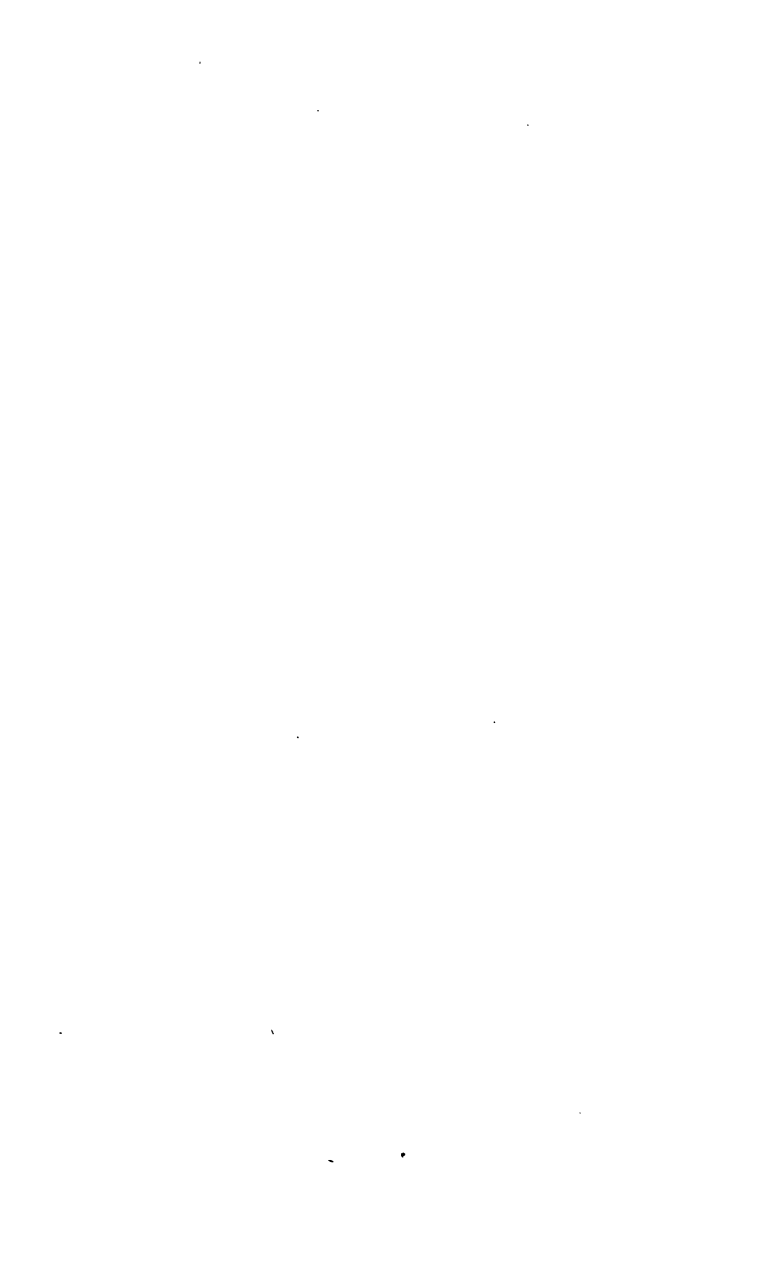
Thoughts in Past Years.

May so pass the waves of this troublesome world, that finally he may come to the land of everlasting life, there to reign with Thee, world without end ; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

IN due time

A day of solemn ceremonial comes,
 When they, who for this Minor hold in trust
 Rights that transcend the loftiest heritage
 Of mere humanity, present their charge
 For this occasion daintily adorned,
 At the baptismal font. And when the pure
 And consecrating element hath cleansed
 The original stain, the child is there received
 Into the second Ark, Christ's Church, with trust
 That he, from wrath redeemed, therein shall float
 Over the billows of this troublesome world,
 To the fair land of everlasting Life.
 Corrupt affections, covetous desires,
 Are all renounced ; high as the thought of man
 Can carry virtue, virtue is professed ;
 A dedication made, a promise given
 For due provision to control and guide,
 And unremitting progress to ensure
 In holiness and truth.

WORDSWORTH.



Almighty and immortal God, the aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to Thee for succour, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection of the dead."

I ASKED myself what this great God might be
That fashioned me ?

I answered, the All-Potent, Solely Immense,
Surpassing sense ;

Unspeakable, Inscrutable, Eternal,
Lord over all,

The only Terrible, Strong, Just, and True,
Who hath no end, and no beginning knew.

He is the Well of Life, for He doth give
To all that live

Both breath and being ; He is the Creator
Both of the water,

Earth, air, and fire. Of all things that subsist
He hath the list ;

Of all the heavenly host, or what earth claims,
He keeps the scroll, and calls them by their names.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

“Almighty and immortal God, the aid of all that need, the
 Helper of all that flee to Thee for succour.”

For tender consolation
 Every soul doth pine ;
 And in time of desolation
 Seeks His face benign :
 He Who led His chosen on,
 Will not leave us all alone.

He Who on the holy mountain,
 In His radiance bright,
 Showed Himself the Living Fountain
 Of Eternal Light,
 If we cry in our distress,
 Will not leave us comfortless.

Lyra Sanctorum.



e aid of all that need, the helper of all that flee to Thee
or succour, the life of them that believe, and the resurrection
from the dead."

HE is the path, if any be misled ;
He is a robe, if any naked be ;
If any chance to hunger, He is bread ;
If any be a bondman, he is free ;
If any be but weak, how strong is He !
To dead men life He is, to sick men health ;
To blind men sight, and to the needy wealth :
A pleasure without loss, a treasure without
stealth.

GILES FLETCHER.

I AM the Life (the Lord thus saith),
The Resurrection is through Me.
And whosoe'er in Me hath faith
Shall live, yea, though now dead he be ;
And he for ever shall not die,
That, living, doth on Me rely.

GEORGE WITHER.

‘ We call upon Thee for this Infant, that he, coming to
holy Baptism, may receive remission of his sin
spiritual regeneration.”

[PART.]

BAPTISMAL GRACE.

SOUL of an Infant, passive thing !

In thy young depths can no repulsion lurk,
Nor can concurrent reason bring

Man’s aiding will to blend with God’s own work
And thus, thy second birth we justly call
Pure act divine, where grace does all in all.

Vital, though viewless is the germ

Baptismally by grace implanted there ;
Waiting, perchance, Time’s destined term,

When, quickened up by penitence and prayer,
God’s hidden seeds will gloriously arise,
And flourish towards its unforgotten skies.

REV. R. MONTGOMERY

Receive him, O Lord, as Thou hast promised by Thy well-beloved Son."

LORD, dependent on thy promise,
Here we lay before Thy throne
This, Thy gift ; receive her from us,
Take and seal her for Thine own.

To the gate of Heaven we've brought her ;
Cleanse her, Lord, from guilt and sin,
And, for His dear sake who sought her,
Take the little stranger in.

Raise her in Thine arms, and bless her ;
Own her in Thy Church above ;
Before all thy hosts confess her,
As the purchased of Thy love.

Naked—clothe her with Thy merit,
Helpless—Thou her helper be ;
Dying—breathe on her Thy Spirit,
That her soul may live to Thee.

Grave upon her heart the token
Only *traced* upon her brow,
And the words—by mortal spoken—
God immortal, speak them Thou.

Let our songs of joy be telling
But the echo of that sound
Which from angel harps is swelling—
She *was* lost, and she *is* found !

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

“Receive him, O Lord, as Thou hast promised by Thy well-beloved Son, saying, Ask, and ye shall have ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

[PART.]

So mindful of Him, to Whom children are dear,
 We bring you to kneel at His shrine ;
 We teach you His words, and we pour on the ear
 Of your childhood things high and divine ;
 That the hope and the faith of your earliest year,
 In the fervour of youth like a shield may be near,
 Through the toils of your manhood may strengthen and
 cheer,
 And brighten your age's decline.

Verses for Holy Seasons.



and ye shall receive ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and
it shall be opened unto you."

"GIVING THANKS FOR ALL THINGS."

Does it need thy thanks," another Voice
lied, "That all the earnest heart demands
even to Faith's request, whate'er thy choice?—
ne'er thou knockest, at thy lifted hands
gate of every blessing open stands :
prayer is heard in Heaven ; thy very sighs
find a tongue, and sound in heavenly lands ;
er opes the regal storehouse of the skies,
shows a sign to which the Prince no boon denies."

like a cloud that clothes the evening moon,
ther came :—"Canst thou those gifts recount
le thou wert yet unconscious of the boon,
ch even yet thy highest thoughts surmount ?
bathed thee erst in Light's eternal Fount,
took thee through the gates of His own grave
he pure haunts of the celestial mount,
h dews of life the dying soul to lave ;—
mighty gifts lie hid in the Baptismal wave !"

The Baptistry.

“ So gibe now unto us that ask, let us that seek find : open
gate unto us that knock, that this Infant may enjoy
everlasting benediction of Thy heavenly washing, and
come to the eternal kingdom which Thou hast promised

COME, gracious Saviour from above,
Inspire our souls with faith and love,
While we within Thy courts appear,
And bring our little Infant here.

No outward rite can cleanse the heart,
But Thou canst cleansing grace impart ;
Now, Lord, Thy promised Spirit shed
Upon our little Infant's head.

Wash out his sins in Jesus' blood,
Receive him as his covenant God,
And sanctify this seal and sign,
That little Infants may be Thine.

Shouldst Thou prolong his days below,
May he in grace and wisdom grow !
Shouldst Thou receive him, take him where
E'en little Infants glory share.

And when our work on earth is done,
May we, with ours brought near the throne,
In one harmonious song combine,
To praise the love that made them Thine.

that this Infant may enjoy the everlasting benediction of Thy heavenly washing, and may come to the eternal kingdom which thou hast promised by Christ our Lord. Amen."

CAPTAIN of our Salvation, take
 The souls we here present to Thee,
 And fit for Thy great service make
 These heirs of immortality ;
 And let them in Thine image rise,
 And then transplant to Paradise.

Unspotted from the world and pure,
 Preserve them for Thy glorious cause,
 Accustom'd daily to endure
 The welcome burden of Thy Cross :
 Inured to toil and patient pain,
 Till all Thy perfect mind they gain.

Train up Thy hardy soldiers, Lord,
 In all their Captain's steps to tread ;
 Or send them to proclaim Thy Word,
 Thy Gospel through the world to spread,
 Freely as they receive to give,
 And preach the Death by which we live !

Hymns published by the S. P. C. K.

"Hear the words of the Gospel written by St. Mark, in the tenth chapter, at the thirteenth verse."

[PART.]

AND holy men, who lived with our dear Lord,
 Knew all His love, and looked on all His woe,
 By God's great Spirit moved, for us have poured
 The words He spoke, the deeds He wrought below ;
 Cast on our earthly path truth's golden ray,
 And told of heavenly joys, and showed the only way.

What need we other voices from the dead ?
 They sang of One, Who died and rose anew,
 Who trod for us the gloomy portal dread,
 And, living, leads His chosen children through ;
 That, by their Gospel taught, our souls may prove
 Constant in faith, and firm, and loyal in our love.

We, round our happy hearths, in quietness
 Pore o'er the page, and ponder the sweet strain,
 Mindful of them who, in their deep distress,
 Evangelist, and saint, and martyr train,
 Nursed the pure flame through heathen ages dark ;
 And call their names to mind, as thine, to-day, St. Mark !

Verses for Holy Seasons.

"They brought young Children to Christ, that He might teach them."

"Jesus said, Suffer little Children to come unto Me."

Young children once to Jesus came,
His blessing to entreat ;
And I may humbly do the same
Before His mercy-seat.

For when their feeble hands were spread,
And bent each infant knee,
"Forbid them not," the Saviour said,
And so He says to me.

Though now He is not here below,
But on His heavenly hill,
To Him may little children go,
And seek a blessing still.

JANE TAYLOR.

And His disciples rebuked them that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, He was much displeased."

[PART.]

"WHY the parents' care withstand
 For their children's blessedness ?
 Why withhold My prayer, My hand,
 Which would fain the children bless ?
 From reproof, resistance free,
 Let the children come to Me :
 Suffer that the babes be brought,
 Suffer, and forbid them not !

"Do not they the bounty prove
 Which by God to man is given ?
 Share not they My Father's love ?
 Are not they the heirs of heaven ?
 Happy they, who come to Me
 With a child's simplicity :
 None but such God's kingdom win,
 None but such can enter in."

Gospel Miracles.

"And said unto them, Suffer the little Children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

[PART.]

HEAR too that Shepherd's voice,
 Whom o'er His lambs the Saviour set
 By words of awful choice,
 When on the shore His saints He met.
 Blest Peter shows the key of heaven,
 And speaks the grace to Infants given :
 "Yours is the Promise, and your babes, and all,
 Whom from all lands afar the Lord our God shall call."

Lyra Innocentium.



"Forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God."

[PART.]

Love Thee ! O ! clad in human lowliness,
 In whom each heart its mortal kindred knows—
 Our flesh, our form, our tears, our pains, our woes—
 A fellow-wanderer o'er earth's wilderness !
 Love Thee ! whose every word but breathes to bless !
 Through Thee from long-sealed lips glad language flows ;
 The blind, their eyes that laugh with light, uncloze ;
 And babes unchid Thy garment's hem caress.

DEAN MILMAN.



“ Verily I say unto you, Whosoever shall not receive kingdom of God as a little Child, he shall not therein. And He took them up in His arms, put hands upon them, and blessed them.”

[PART.]

WITH this mild but grave rebuke
 On His rash disciples' haste,
 Christ the offer'd children took,
 And within His arms embraced.
 With a parent's fostering look
 In His arms the babes He took ;
 With His hands their head impress'd,
 With His benediction blest.

BISHOP MAN'



reber shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little
Child, he shall not enter therein."

[ART.]

WHY lived I not in those blest days
When men could see their Lord?
They felt His hand, they saw His face,
And heard His holy word.

But if no more we hear His voice,
Yet still to us He calls;
His messengers prepare His way,
And speak within His walls.

He will embrace us with His arms
Of mercy, great and free,
He will protect us, who once said,
"Let infants come to Me."

Blessed, who feel their quiet way
In faith, and not in sight;
Who lean upon His unseen grace,
And walk by His true light.

CHILD'S *Christian Year*.

“And He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.”

[PART.]

HYMN FOR THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

BLESS'D Jesus ever loved to trace
The “innocent brightness” of an infant's face.
He rais'd them in His holy arms,
He bless'd them from the world and all its harms ;
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's name.

Then, as each fond, unconscious child
On th' everlasting Parent sweetly smil'd
(Like infants sporting on the shore,
That tremble not at Ocean's boundless roar),
Were they not present to Thy thought,
All souls that in their cradles Thou hast bought ?
But chiefly these, who died for Thee,
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder death to see.

And next to these, Thy gracious word
Was as a pledge of benediction, stored
For Christian mothers, while they moan
Their treasur'd hopes, just born, baptiz'd, and gone.
Oh joy, for Rachel's broken heart !
She and her babes shall meet no more to part ;
So dear to Christ her pious haste
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe embraced.

KEBLE.

beloved, ye hear in this Gospel the words of our Saviour Christ, that He commanded the children to be brought unto Him."

[PART.]

YIELD the children readiest place,
 Tender parents near them stand ;
 From each mother's tearful face
 All that awe-struck little band
 Well may learn, and aptly teach
 That God's electing love may reach
 (Winding, untracked, its own mysterious way),
 Souls which have only learnt to suffer and obey.

AUBREY DE VERE.



"How He blamed those that would have kept them from
 Him, how He exhorteth all persons to follow His
 innocency."

[PART.]

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT UNTO CHRIST.

WHO, the Christian's name that bear,
 Who, that bear the Christian's heart,
 Would not that their children share
 In their Saviour's love a part?
 Suffer then, at His command,
 Duly to the Saviour's hand
 They in life's first spring be brought;
 Suffer, and forbid them not!

Be it yours, in life's fresh spring,
 Born in sin, exposed to wrath,
 To His font the babes to bring,
 To His own appointed bath!
 He will, pleas'd, receive them there,
 Hallow'd by his Church's prayer;
 With His arms of love embrace,
 And impart His Spirit's grace.

Happy they, who thus are brought,
 Infants to their Lord's embrace!
 Happy they, in childhood taught
 Thus to run their Christian race!

Happy, who in opening youth,
Grounded on the Gospel truth,
To the Gospel dictates true,
Faith's obedient vow renew !

Happy, who, in after age,
Like their Pattern, undefil'd,
Strive to go their pilgrimage
With the meekness of a child.
Such as from Thy font they came,
Cleans'd from sin, exempt from blame,
From the world's corruption free,
And regenerate, Lord, by Thee !

BISHOP MANT.



“He perceiveth how, by His outward gesture and deed, He
declared His goodwill toward them.”

[PART.]

THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLESSED.

HAPPY were they, the mothers, in whose sight
Ye grew, fair children ! hallow'd from that hour
By your Lord's blessing. Surely thence a shower
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
Through all the after years which saw ye move
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the night,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love !
And honour'd be all childhood, for the sake
Of that high love ! Let reverential care
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy air ;
Owing, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

MRS. HEMANS.

or He embraced them in His arms, He laid His hands upon them, and blessed them."

[PART.]

HYMN TO THE REDEEMER.

WHEN o'er Judea's vales and hills,
Or by her olive-shaded rills,
Thy weary footsteps went of old,
Or walked the lulling waters bold,
How beauteous were the marks divine
That in Thy meekness used to shine,
That lit Thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

The morning saw Thee, like the day,
Forth on Thy light-bestowing way ;
And evening in her holy hues,
Shed down her sweet baptismal dews,
Where bending angels stoop'd to see
The lisping infant clasp Thy knee,
And smile, as in a father's eye,
Upon Thy mild divinity !

REV. A. C. COXE.

“Doubt ye not, therefore, but earnestly believe that He will likewise favourably receive this present Infant; that He will embrace him with the arms of His mercy; that He will give unto him the blessing of eternal life, and make him partaker of His everlasting kingdom.”

THE COMMAND.

BLESSED Jesus, here we stand,
 Met to do as Thou hast spoken,
 And this child, at Thy command,
 Now we bring to Thee, in token
 That to Christ it here is given,
 For of such shall be His Heaven.

Yes, Thy warning-voice is plain,
 And we fain would keep it duly.
 “He who is not born again,
 Heart and life renewing truly,
 Born of water and the Spirit,
 Will My kingdom ne’er inherit.”

Therefore, hasten we to Thee,
 Take the pledge we bring, oh, take it !
 Let us here Thy glory see,
 And in tender pity make it
 Now Thy child, and leave it never,
 Thine on earth, and Thine for ever !

Turn the darkness into light,
 To Thy grace receive and save it ;
 Heal the serpent's venom'd bite,
 In the font where now we lave it ;
 Let Thy Spirit pure and lowly,
 Banish thought or taint unholy.

Make it, Head, Thy member now,
 Shepherd, take Thy lamb, and feed it,
 Prince of Peace, its peace be Thou,
 Way of life, to Heaven, oh lead it !
 Vine, this branch may nothing sever,
 Be it graft in Thee for ever !

Now upon Thy heart it lies,
 What our hearts so dearly treasure,
 Heaven lead our burdened sighs,
 Pour Thy blessing without measure,
 Write the name we now have given,
 Write it in the Book of Heaven !

Lyra Germanica.
 2nd Series.



"Wherefore we being thus persuaded of the goodwill of our Heavenly Father towards this Infant, declared by His Son Jesus Christ, and nothing doubting but that He favourably alloweth this charitable work of ours in bringing this Infant to His Holy Baptism."

HOLY BAPTISM.

THOU little trembler, robed in white,
Nursling of Heaven ! sweet neophyte
Before the font arriving,
The birth-dawn of thy spirit's life
With holy fulness be it rife,

While hearts for thee are striving
With God in prayer, that soon thy shielded charms
May rest secure in Christ's baptismal arms.

A silence breathed from God above,
A halcyon of celestial love
Now broods with blest control,
Under the throne of Him Who came
In form as weak as thy young frame,—
Thrilling the inmost soul
Of all, whose unfilm'd eye of faith perceives
More than mere water on the forehead leaves.

Thou innocent, with man compared,
Thee hath eternal Truth declared
A child of wrath and sin,
But now adopted, seal'd, and sign'd

By Him Who hath redeem'd mankind,
 For thee will now begin
 That second birth renewing grace imparts
 Through this deep Sacrament to infant hearts.

Oh ! if Immanuel ne'er had said
 "Let children to Mine arms be led,"
 Parents might shrink aghast
 A creature in the world to bring,
 Whose soul the curse of God may wring,
 When Time and Earth are past !
 But for the promise of baptismal grace
 What sight so fearful as an infant's face ?

More than our first-born parents knew
 Before they proved to God untrue,
 Works this regen'rate gift ;
 Angels, who on their trial stood,
 Exceed not this majestic good
 That may thy soul uplift :
 A child of God !—can seraphim aspire
 To aught sublimer in their sinless choir ?

From thee the curse is roll'd away ;
 Thy soul's new birth begins to-day ;
 A covenant right to all
 Immunities and blessings high
 The heart of Jesus can supply
 To them who heed His call :
 Now to the stillness of thy soul is given,
 Like breezeless water, to reflect a Heaven !

Henceforward, as a Priest and King,
Thy babe becomes a sacred thing,
 An heir of grace and glory ;
Mother ! to whom such charge is given,
Now rear it for that throne in Heaven
 Scripture unveils before thee ;
So discipline the dawning mind and will,
That each some priesthood unto God may fill.

REV. R. MONTGOMERY.



et us faithfully and devoutly give thanks unto Him."

PART.]

O, RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of Eternal Love,
Whose mercy, firm through ages past,
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

New Version of the Psalms.



mighty and everlasting God, Heavenly Father, we give
Thee humble thanks, for that Thou hast boughsafed to
all us to the knowledge of Thy grace, and faith in
Thee."

HYMN OF THANKSGIVING FOR HOLY BAPTISM.

God of our health, our Life and Light,
That thou hast purified our sight,
The truth, Thy sacred words express,
To hear, receive, believe, confess;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three !

That, wash'd in Thy thrice Holy Name,
A new relation thence we claim,
And born by nature, sons of earth,
Thence share by grace a heavenly birth;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three !

That thence we worship Thee alone,
And, whom our vows Baptismal own,
To Thee the prayer of faith we bring,
To Thee the song of glory sing ;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three !

That thence the course we're trained to run
Of goodness, *at Thy font begun,*

Our Saviour's Cross to keep in view,
His faith confess, His steps pursue ;
Accept the thanks we hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three !

Holy, holy, holy, Thou !
God of our health, preserve us now
Firm in Thy worship, fear, and love ;
That we may see Thy face above,
And there our thanks still hymn to Thee,
Lord God Almighty, One and Three !

BISHOP MANT.



'Increase this knowledge and confirm this faith in us evermore.
 Give Thy Holy Spirit to this Infant.'

[PART.]

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
 Come, visit Thou each willing breast,
 And with Thy grace celestial aid
 Those whom Thy genial influence made.

O, Comforter! Thy grace supply,
 Stupendous gift of God most High ;
 The Fount of Life, the Fire of Love,
 The inward Unction from above.

Lighten our minds with Wisdom's beam,
 Pour on our hearts Affection's stream,
 Our bodies' feeble strength prepare
 With courage, what Thou will'st, to bear.

Confirm our faith, and grant us so
 The Father and the Son to know,
 That Thee of both we may receive,
 And in the Triune Name believe.

Ancient Hymns.

“Gibe Thy Holy Spirit to this Infant, that he may be born again, and be made an heir of everlasting salvation, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who libeth and reigneth with Thee and the Holy Spirit, now and ever. Amen.”

TO — ON HER BAPTISM.

THIS will we name thy better birth-day, child,
 O, born already to a sin-worn world,
 But now unto a kingdom undefiled,
 Where over thee Love's banner is unfurled.

Lo! on the morning of this holy day
 I lay aside the weight of human fears
 Which I had for thee, and without dismay
 Look thro' the avenue of coming years :

I see thee passing without mortal harm
 Thro' ranks of foes against thy safety met ;
 I see thee passing ;—thy defence and shield,
 The seal of God, upon thy forehead set.

From this time forth thou often shalt hear say
 Of what immortal City thou wert given
 The rights and full immunities to-day,
 And of the hope laid up for thee in heaven :

From this time forward thou shalt not believe
 That thou art earthly, or that aught of earth
 Or aught that hell can threaten, shall receive
 Power on the children of the second birth.

O! risen out of death into the day
 Of an immortal life, we bid thee hail!
 And will not kiss the water-drops away,
 The dew that rests upon thy forehead pale.

And if the seed of better life lie long,
 As in a wintry hiddenness and death,
 Then, calling back this day, we will be strong
 To wait in hope for Heaven's reviving breath.

To water, if there should be such sad need,
 The undiscernèd gem with sorrowing tears,
 To wait until from that undying seed
 Out of the earth a heavenly plant appears ;

The growth and produce of a fairer land,
 And thence transplanted to a barren soil,
 It needs the tendance of a careful hand,
 Of love, that is not weary with long toil.

And thou, dear child, whose very helplessness
 Is as a bond upon us and a claim,
 Mayest thou have this of us, as we no less
 Have daily from our Father known the same !

DEAN TRENCH.

"That he may be made an heir of everlasting salvation,
through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

[PART.]

How deep the well
Of holy Baptism, which, once opened, sends
Its drops of radiant water through the life ;
Each drop a holy work, or word, or thought,
For ever springing like a fountain full !
How blest for us to know that he who lies
Unconscious in his mother's arms, is now
The living temple of a loving God,
A holy nest, wherein the sacred Dove
Will find His rest, and sing of blessed things
To drown the serpent's voice which whispers sin :
A precious jewel, to be well preserved,
Like gem within a casket, by the prayer
Each day repeated, and communion oft.

REV. E. MONRO.



Dearlŷ beloved, ge have brought this Child here to be baptized, ge have prayed that our Lord Jesus Christ would vouchsafe to receive him, to release him of his sins, to sanctify him with the Holy Ghost, to give him the kingdom of heaven and everlasting life."

HOLY BAPTISM.

To the enliv'ning font the sponsors came,
 Bearing their infant charge ; the white-rob'd priest
 Stood there beside. Then with meek prayer address
 To the Great Sire, the promis'd boon to claim,
 The babe, unconscious still of sin or shame,
 With greeting kind the holy man embrac'd,
 And on his brow the cleansing water cast,
 And spake the mystic words—the Triune Name.
 The sight was common ; but withal a sight
 So sweet, so lovely, to behold a son
 Of God adopted by His own blest rite—
 Methought the Seraphs round about the throne
 Might gaze thereon o'erjoy'd ; and with delight
 Hail the newborn a brother of their own.

BISHOP MANT.

"He hath heard also that our Lord Jesus Christ hath promised in His Gospel to grant all these things that ye have prayed for; which promise He, for His part, will most surely keep and perform."

[PART.]

WHERE is the brow to bear in mortals' sight
The Crown of pure angelic Light?
And where the favoured eye
Through the dim air the radiance to descry?
An infant on its mother smiling,
Wash'd from the world and sin's defiling,
And to Faith's arm restored, while yet
With the blest dew its cheeks are wet:—
There Christ hath sworn seraphic Light shall be,
There eyes, the Light to see.

He who vouchsafed to kindle that pure glow
Will feed it day and night, we know,
By duteous fear of sin
Fanned into flame the virgin heart within,
Till once again at Angels' warning,
Heaven-gates shall part as clouds of morning,
And the confirming Spirit pour
His glory where young hearts adore:
There is Heaven's Light; there, if true Pastors be,
Are eyes, the Light to see.

Lyra Innocentium.

Wherefore, after this promise made by Christ, this Infant must also faithfully, for his part, promise by you that are his sureties (until he come of age to take it upon himself), that he will renounce the devil and all his works, and constantly believe God's holy word, and obediently keep His commandments."

THE CHRISTENING.

ARRAYED—a half-angelic sight,
 In vest of pure Baptismal white,
 The mother to the font doth bring
 The little helpless nameless thing,
 With hushes soft, and mild caressing,
 At once to get a name and blessing.
 Close by the Babe the Priest doth stand,
 The cleansing water at his hand,
 Which must assoil the soul within
 From every taint of Adam's sin.
 The Infant eyes the mystic scenes,
 Nor knows what all this wonder means ;
 And now he smiles, as if to say,
 " I am a Christian made to-day ;"
 Now, frightened, clings to nurse's hold,
 Shrinking from the water cold,
 Whose virtues rightly understood,
 As are Bethesda's water good.
 Strange words " the World, the Flesh, the Devil ;"
 Poor Babe ! what can it know of evil ?

But we must silently adore
Mysterious truths, and not explore.
Enough for him, in after times,
When he shall read these artless rhymes,
If, looking back upon this day,
With quiet conscience he can say,—
“I have in years redeemed the pledge
Of my Baptismal privilege,
And more and more will strive to flee,
All, which my sponsors kind, did then renounce for me.”

CHARLES LAMB.





and therefore, "Hast thou, in the name of this Child,
 renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and
 glory of the world, with all covetous desires of the same,
 and the carnal desires of the flesh, so that thou wilt not
 allow, nor be led by them?"

How shall a child of God fulfil
 His vow to cleanse his soul from ill,
 And raise on high his baptism-light,
 Like Aaron's seed in ritual white,
 An holy-tempered Nazarite?

First let him shun the haunts of vice,
 Sinfeast or heathen sacrifice;
 Fearing the board of wealthy pride,
 Or heretic, self-trusting guide,
 Or where the adulterer's smiles preside.

Next, as he threads the maze of men,
 Aye must he lift his witness, when
 A sin is spoke in Heaven's dread face,
 And none at hand of higher grace
 The Cross to carry in his place.

But if he hears and sits him still,
 First he will lose his hate of ill;
 Next, fear of sinning; after, hate;
 Small sins his heart then desecrate;
 And last, despair persuades to great.

Lyra Apostolica.

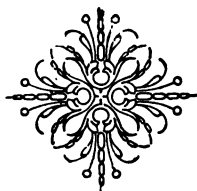
"I renounce them all."

[PART.]

AY, it is hard to quit the busy crowd,
To tear us from the showy world away,
To turn from golden hopes and longings proud,
And the brief revelling of yesterday :—
To trample name, and fame, and fortune high,
And flee unto the Cross, and daily die !

Yet at God's call we leave them.

Lyra Sanctorum



"Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty?"

of Eternity ! begin the song ;
 hymned and angel harps ! begin to God,
 in the anthem ever sweet and new,
 while I extol Him, holy, just and good.
 , beauty, light, intelligence and love !
 eternal, uncreated, infinite !
 searchable Jehovah ! God of truth !
 Father, upholder, governor of all :
 self unmade, ungoverned, unupheld.
 mysterious more the more displayed, where still
 on Thy glorious throne Thou sitt'st alone ;
 Thou sat alone, and shall for ever sit
 alone ; invisible, immortal One !
 kind essential brightness, unbeheld.
 incomprehensible ! what weight shall weigh ?
 what measures measure Thee ? What know we more
 of Thee (what need to know ?) than Thou hast taught,
 when Thou bidd'st us still repeat at morn and even ?
 .! Everlasting Father ! Holy One !
 God, our Father, our eternal All !
 whence we came, and whither we return ;
 who made the heavens, who made the flowery land.
 Thy works all praise Thee ; all Thy angels praise ;
 lift Thy voice on high ! shout, angels, shout !
 loudest, ye redeemed ! "Glory to God,"
 and to the Lamb, all glory and all praise : "
 glory and all praise, at morn and even,
 that come and go eternally ; and find
 happy still, and Thee for ever blest.
 glory to God and to the Lamb ! Amen.
 ever and for evermore ! Amen.

POWELL.

"Hast thou believ'd in God the Father Almighty?"

"THEE, Father," first they sang, "Omnipotent,
Immutable, Immortal, Infinite,
Eternal King ! Thee, Author of all being,
Fountain of Light ! Thyself invisible
Amidst the glorious brightness where thou sitt'st
Throned inaccessible, but when Thou shad'st
The full blaze of Thy beams and through a cloud
Drawn round about Thee like a radiant shrine,
Dark with excessive light Thy skirts appear,
Yet dazzle Heaven, that brightest Seraphim
Approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

MILTON.



“Maker of Heaven and Earth.”

AND yet was every faltering tongue of man,
 Almighty Father ! silent in Thy praise,
 Thy works themselves would raise a general voice,
 E'en in the depths of solitary woods
 By human foot untrod, proclaim Thy power,
 And to the choir celestial Thee resound,
 The Eternal Cause, Support, and End of all !

Hail, Source of being ! Universal Soul
 Of Heaven and Earth ! Essential Presence, hail !
 To Thee I bend the knee ; to Thee my thoughts
 Continual climb ; who, with a master-hand,
 Hast the great whole into perfection touched.

THOMSON.



"Maker of Heaven and Earth."

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good !
 Almighty, Thine this universal frame
 Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself, how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these Heavens
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine !
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels, for ye behold Him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle His throne rejoicing. Ye in heaven,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

MILTON.



"Maker of Heaven and Earth."

THE THIRD DAY OF CREATION.

THOU spakest, and the waters rolled
 Back from the earth away,
 They fled, by Thy strong voice controlled
 Till Thou didst bid them stay :
 Then did that mighty rushing ocean
 Like a tame creature cease its motion,
 Nor dared to pass where'er Thy Hand
 Had fixed its bound of slender sand.

And freshly risen from out the deep
 The land lay tranquil now,
 Like a new-christened child asleep,
 With the dew upon its brow ;
 As when in after time, the earth
 Rose from her second watery birth,
 In pure baptismal garments drest,
 And calmly waiting to be blest.

Again Thou spakest, Lord of Power,
 And straight the land was seen,
 All clad with tree, and herb, and flower,
 A robe of lustrous green.
 Like souls, wherein the hidden strength
 Of their new birth is waked at length,
 When, robed in holiness, they tell
 What might did in those waters dwell.

Lord ! o'er the waters of my soul,
 The word of power be said,
 Its thoughts and passions bid Thou roll,
 Each in its channelled bed ;
 Till that, in peaceful order flowing,
 They tune their glad obedient going
 To Thy commands, whose voice to-day
 Bade the tumultuous floods obey.

For, restless as the moaning sea,
 The wild and wayward will
 From side to side is wearily
 Changing and tossing still ;
 But, swayed by Thee, 'tis like the river,
 That down its green banks flows for ever,
 And calm and constant tells to all
 The blessedness of such sweet thrall.

Then in my heart, Spirit of Might,
 Awake the life within,
 And bid a spring-tide, calm and bright,
 Of holiness begin ;
 So let it lie, with Heaven's grace
 Full shining on its quiet face,
 Like the young earth in peace profound,
 Amid the assuaged waters round.

REV. T. WHITEHEAD.

And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord."

ART.]

DEAR Lamb of God ! I know full well
 All power to Thee was given,
 And, oh, there is none other Name
 To name us, under heaven !
 I know when Thou didst send a line,
 Through all the world to run,
 No arm of flesh, if that had failed,
 Can weave a surer one !

So Christ forbid that I should boast,
 Save in His blood-red cross ;
 And let me, for the Crucified,
 Count other gain but loss ;
 And ye that scorn His follower,
 And deem my glory shame,
 Forget not, in upbraiding me,
 To name me by His name.

REV. A. C. COXE.

"And in Jesus Christ, His only Son our Lord."

[PART.]

To One alone my thoughts arise,
 The Eternal Truth—the Good and Wise—
 To Him I cry,
 Who shared on earth our common lot,
 But the world comprehended not
 His Deity.

Yes,—the glad Messenger of love,
 To guide us to our Home above,
 The Saviour came ;
 Born amid mortal cares and fears,
 He suffered in this vale of tears
 A death of shame.

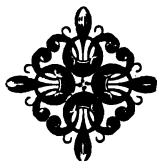
LONGFELLOW.



"And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost."

ONE only Son within thy breast,
In Jesus Christ made manifest,
He is my heaven-born, earth-born Lord,
I see Him, and I find my rest ;
Conceived of Holy Ghost—the Word,—
Earth saw, and trembled, and adored.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.



“And that He was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary.”

[PART.]

THE ANNUNCIATION.

A wing'd harbinger, from bright Heaven flown,
 Bespeaks a lodging-room
 For the Mighty King of Love,
 The spotless structure of a virgin womb,
 O'ershadow'd with the wings of the blest Dove :
 For He was travelling to earth,
 And did desire to be
 A perfect man as well as we.

How good a God have we, Who, for our sake,
 To save us from the burning lake,
 Did change the order of Creation !

At first, He made
 Man like Himself, in His Own Image ; now
 In the more blessed reparation,

The Heavens bow :
 Eternity took the measure of a span,
 And said,

“ Let us like Ourselves make man,
 And not from man the woman take,
 But from the woman, man.”

Alleluia ! we adore

His name, Whose goodness hath no store !

Alleluia !

BISHOP TAYLOR.

“Born of the Virgin Mary.”

VIRGIN-BORN ! we bow before Thee !
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee
 Mary, mother, meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child.

Blessed was the hand that led Thee !
 Blessed was the breast that fed Thee !
 Blessed was the parent's eye,
 That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy.

Blessed she through all creation,
 Who brought forth the world's Salvation !
 And blessed they, for ever blest,
 Who love Thee most, and serve Thee best

Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee !
 Blessed was the womb that bore Thee !
 Mary, mother, meek and mild,
 Blessed was she in her Child !

BISHOP HEBER.

**" That He suffered under Pontius Pilate, was crucified, dead
and buried."**

[PART.]

FOR Thou didst die for me, oh Son of God !
By Thee the throbbing flesh of man was worn ;
Thy naked feet the thorns of sorrow trod,
And tempests beat Thy houseless head forlorn.

Thou, that wert wont to stand
Alone, at God's right hand,
Before the Ages were, the Eternal, eldest-born.

They dragg'd Thee to the Romans' solemn Hall,
Where the proud Judge in purple splendour sate ;
Thou stood'st a meek and patient criminal,
Thy doom of death from human lips to wait ;
Whose throne shall be the world
In final ruin hurl'd,
With all mankind to hear their everlasting fate.

Thou wert alone in that fierce multitude,
When " Crucify Him !" yelled the general shout ;
No hand to guard Thee 'mid those insults rude,
Nor lip to bless in all that frantic rout ;
Whose lightest whisper'd word
The Seraphim had heard,
And adamantine arms from all the Heavens broke out

They smote Thy cheek with many a ruthless palm,
With the cold spear Thy shuddering side they pierced ;

The draught of bitterest gall was all the balm
 They gave, to enhance Thy unslaked, burning thirst :
 Thou, at whose words of peace
 Did pain and anguish cease,
 And the long-buried dead their bonds of slumber burst.

Low bow'd Thy head convulsed, and droop'd in death,
 Thy voice sent forth a sad and wailing cry ;
 Slow struggled from Thy breast the parting breath,
 And every limb was wrung with agony.
 That Head, whose veilles blaze
 Filled angels with amaze,
 When at that voice sprang forth the rolling suns on high.

And Thou wert laid within the narrow tomb,
 Thy clay-cold limbs with shrouding grave-clothes bound ;
 The sealed stone confirm'd Thy mortal doom,
 Lone watchmen walk'd Thy desert burial-ground ;
 Whom Heaven could not contain,
 Nor th' immeasurable plain
 Of vast Infinity inclose or circle round.

For us, for us Thou didst endure the pain,
 And Thy meek spirit bow'd itself to shame,
 To wash our souls from Sin's infecting stain,
 T' avert the Father's wrathful vengeance flame ;
 Thou, that couldst nothing win
 By saving worlds from sin,
 Nor aught of glory add to Thy all-glorious Name !

DEAN MILMAN.

"That He went down into hell."

[PART.]

EASTER EVEN.

SLEEP'ST Thou, indeed? or is Thy Spirit fled
 At large among the dead?
 Whether in Eden bowers Thy welcome voice
 Wake Abraham to rejoice,
 Or in some drearier scene Thine eye controls
 The thronging band of souls;
 That, as Thy blood won earth, Thine agony
 Might set the shadowy realm from sin and sorrow free.

Where'er Thou roam'st, one happy soul, we know,
 Seen at Thy side in woe,
 Waits on Thy triumph—even as all the blest
 With him and Thee shall rest.
 Each on his cross, by Thee we hang awhile,
 Watching Thy patient smile,
 Till we have learn'd to say, "'Tis justly done;
 Only in glory, Lord, Thy sinful servant own."

KEBLE.

“And also did rise again the third day.”

[PART.]

AND when Thou didst arise, Thou didst not stand
 With Devastation in Thy red right hand,
 Plaguing the guilty city's murderous crew ;
 But thou didst haste to meet
 Thy mother's coming feet,
 And bear the words of peace unto the faithful few.
 Then calmly, slowly, didst thou rise
 Into Thy native skies,
 Thy human form dissolved on high
 In its own radiancy.

DEAN MILMAN.



“That He ascended into Heaven.”

HEAR, oh ye nations ! Hear it, oh ye dead !
 He rose ! He rose ! He burst the bars of Death !
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
 And give the King of Glory to come in !
 Who is the King of Glory ? He Who left
 His throne of glory for the pangs of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the King of Glory to come in !
 Who is the King of Glory ? He Who slew
 The rav'nous foe that gorg'd all human race.
 The King of Glory ! He Whose glory filled
 Heaven with amazement at His love to man,
 And with divine complacency beheld
 Powers most illumined—'wilder'd in the theme.

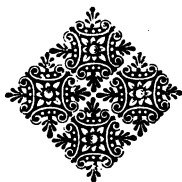
YOUNG.



And sitteth at the right hand of God, the Father Almighty."

MAY we behold where Thou hast been,
And night of Thy dark burial know ;—
Thence see Thee by the moon serene,
Rising behind th' Eternal screen,
Now opening Heaven's ethereal bar,
And golden portals from afar,
On the right hand on high, by dying Stephen seen.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.



“And from thence He shall come again at the end of the world, to judge the quick and the dead.”

AND who is He? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandall'd with the storm?
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.
To highest Heaven He lifts His kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land.
And, hark, His voice amid the thunder's roar—
His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more!
Lo! Cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo! thrones arise, and every saint is there;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night;—
God is their Temple, and the Lamb their light:
Hark! white-robed crowds their deep Hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong:
“Worthy the Lamb! Omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave!”

BISHOP HEBER.

“And dost thou believe in the Holy Ghost?”

HOLY SPIRIT from on high,
Come, and from the opening sky
Shed thy ray of Heavenly light.

Come, kind Father of the poor,
Come, with all thy bounteous store,
Come, of hearts the Inmate bright.

Sweetest Comforter and best,
Of the soul most welcome Guest,
Presence calm in feverish day.

In all toil Refreshment sweet,
Cooling Breath 'mid noontide heat,
God That wip'st all tears away.

Light most Holy, most Divine,
In our inmost bosoms shine,
Fill Thine own with Thy true grace ;

For, without Thine Hallowing Flame,
Nought in man is free from blame,
Nought in all this sinful race.

Wash whate'er of stain is here,
Sprinkle what is dry or sere,
Heal and bind the wounded sprite ;

Bend whate'er is stubborn still,
Kindle what is cold and chill,
What hath wander'd guide aright.

Oh ! to every faithful heart,
Lord, Thy Sevenfold Gift impart,
That Thine own in Thee may live ;

Give the meed Thy grace hath won,
Crown the work Thyself hast done,
Everlasting gladness give.
Amen !



“Hast thou believe in the Holy Ghost?”

SALVATION to our God! and to the Lamb!
 And co-existing Spirit! Thou, whose breath
 My voice informs, shall it be mute to Thee,
 Eternal Paraclete? In order last,
 Equal in glory to Omnipotence!
 The first as to the second, and from both
 Proceeding; (oh, inexplicable Name!)
 Mystical link of the unnumbered Three!
 Soul of the Universe! Thy wisdom first
 The rage composed of warring elements;
 Moving, the waters saw Thee o'er their face.
 O God, the waters saw Thee! and afraid,
 Into their channels shrunk (capacious bed
 Of liquid element), and owned their bounds
 Impassable as that eternal gulph
 'Twixt bliss and woe. The Prince of Peace Thy beams
 Largely imbibed, when, dove-like, o'er His head,
 Fast by the banks of Jordan's sacred streams,
 Thy mantling wings diffused their heavenly dews,
 And Abba glorified His only Son.

WILLIAM THOMPSON (1746).

"The Holy Catholic Church."

THERE is another mark also
By which the true Church ye may know,
And that, indeed, is Unity,
Set out in many a simile
By Christ our Saviour.
One Faith, one Baptism is here,
And no dissension doth appear.

J. RHODES.



"The Holy Catholic Church."

SAFETY IN THE CHURCH.

WHY should I e'er forsake Thy dwelling, blest
 Of God, or whither from Thy shelter move?
 Whate'er vouchsafement waits us from above
 To cheer, sustain, enlighten, is possess
 Of Thee, and Thou to Thine distributest :
 And sure I think, if tempted once to rove
 From Thee, my foot would find, like Noah's dove,
 O'er the wide waters, refuge none, nor rest.
 Grace is within thy precincts, holy Ark ;
 Grace and salvation ! And tho' gathering gloom
 Now and again with signs of presage dark
 O'erhang thee, Mercy's beams the screen illumę,
 And faith on blackest clouds may brightest mark
 God's Bow, the pledge of blessings yet to come !

BISHOP MANT.

"The Holy Catholic Church."

THE UNITY OF THE SPIRIT.

THE Church of Christ, that He hath hallow'd here
To be His House, is scattered far and near,
In North and South, and East and West, abroad,
And yet in earth and heaven, through Christ her Lord,
The Church is one.

One member knoweth not another here,
And yet their fellowship is true and near ;
One is their Saviour, and their Father one,
One Spirit rules them, and among them none
Lives to himself :

They live to Him who bought them with His blood,
Baptized them with His Spirit pure and good,
And in true faith and ever-burning love
Their hearts and hope ascend to seek above
The eternal Good.

O Spirit of the Lord ! all life is Thine,
Now fill Thy Church with life and power divine,
That many children may be born to Thee,
And spread Thy knowledge like the boundless sea,
To Christ's great praise.

Lyra Germanica.
Second Series

"The Holy Catholic Church."

**MN OF THANKSGIVING FOR THE ONE HOLY CATHOLIC
AND APOSTOLIC CHURCH.**

WE bless Thee for Thy Church, O Lord,
Called from the world, and seal'd Thine own,
One by the faith of Thy pure Word,
By Thy Baptismal Laver one.

We bless Thee for Thy Church, ordain'd
To sanctify the soul from sin,
And cleanse Thine image, erst profaned,
By holy rite from guilt within.

Lord, for this Church, by men design'd
Thy builders, hallow'd by Thy grace,
One, but to no lone spot confin'd,
We bless Thee, and Thy gift embrace.

And pray that on that sacred site,
In symbols pure, with guardians true,
Our souls may evermore unite,
And peace, where Thou ordain'st, ensue.

To Thee, in whom Thy saints delight,
Thy Church on earth, Thy heavenly host,
Be blessing, honour, glory, might,
Thee, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

BISHOP MANT.

"The Communion of Saints."

DAILY, hourly, let us hold

Communion sweet of pious love,
Within our Mother's sheltering fold,
With Saints on earth and Saints above!
So, when Time's mighty wheel shall stand
Silent to hear the Lord's command,
We in the attendant train may see
Faces long dear to memory.

How shall they love the Fount of Light,
Who coldly gaze on planets bright?
How shall they love their common Lord,
Who love not brethren in the Word?
But ye, the True, who strive to win

The joy unseen by mortal eyes,
Oh! watch and pray, lest thought of sin
Stain your Baptismal robe—pure badge of Paradise

Lyra Sanctorum.

"The Communion of Saints."

ART.]

CHRISTIAN UNITY.

THE God there is who reigns above in light,
 The Lord, on earth for man incarnate made,
 The body formed He by one Spirit's aid,
 Lled to one Hope by one Baptismal rite ;
 The holy Bread to eat of, and to plight
 The common faith. Who name His name, He bade
 Concord live, and of His Father pray'd
 Perfection's bond, all might in one unite.
 And wills our union.

BISHOP MANT.

IN pure devotion's sacred hours,
 Bound by Baptismal sign,
 With our companions loved be ours
 In fellowship to join.
 And Thou, who bidd'st in rites divine
 Thy Church united meet,
 Lord, by thy presence be it Thine
 Their union to complete !

BISHOP MANT.

“ The Remission of Sins.”

“ PARDON for infinite offence ! and pardon
Thro’ means that speak its value infinite !
A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !
With blood divine of Him I made my foe,
Persisted to provoke, though woo’d and awed !
Bless’d and chastis’d, a flagrant rebel still !
A rebel ’mid the thunders of His throne !
Nor I alone, a rebel universe !
My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
Yet for the foulest of the foul He dies,
Most joy’d for the redeem’d from deepest guilt !”
Bound every heart, and every bosom burn !

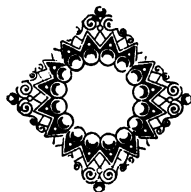
YOUNG.



"The Resurrection of the Flesh."

THIS spirit shall return to Him
Who gave its heavenly spark ;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark !
No ! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine ;
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of victory,—
And took the sting from Death !

CAMPBELL.



"And everlasting Life after death."

[PART.]

FROM "THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL."

AND though some impious wits do questions move,
And doubt if souls immortal be, or no ;
That doubt their immortality doth prove,
Because they seem immortal things to know.

For when we judge, our minds we mirrors make ;
And as those glasses which material be,
Forms of material things do only take ;
For thoughts or minds in them we cannot see ;

So when the soul mounts with so high a wing,
As of eternal things she doubts can move !
She proofs of her eternity doth bring,
E'en when she strives the contrary to prove.

For e'en the thought of immortality,
Being a thought alone without the body's aid,
Shows that herself alone could move and be,
Although the body in the grave were laid.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

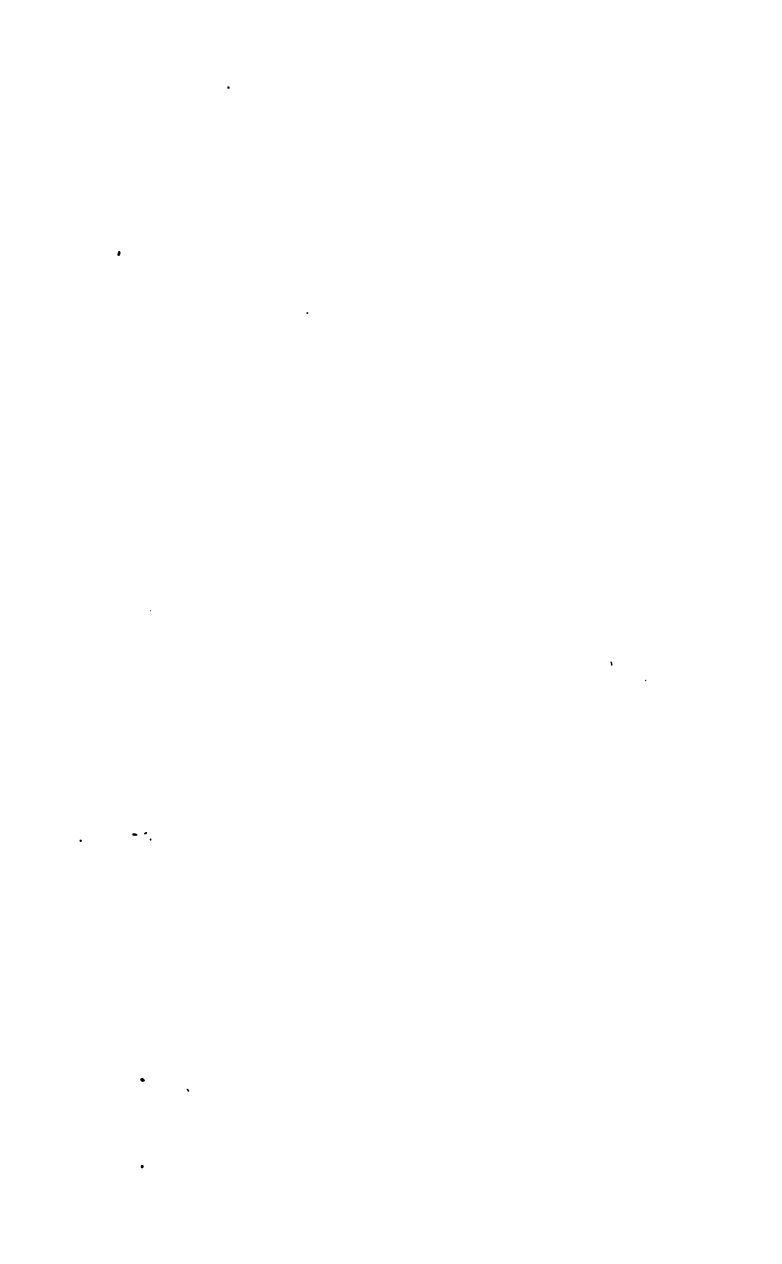
"And everlasting Life after death."

THE CHRISTIAN'S HYMN.

ing to the Lord ! no more the dead are laid
 a cold despair beneath the cypress shade,
 To sleep the eternal sleep, that knows no morn :
 here, eager still to burst Death's brazen hands,
 he Angel of the Resurrection stands ;
 While, on its own immortal pinions borne,
 following the Breaker of the imprisoning tomb,
 orth springs the exulting soul, and shakes away its
 gloom.

ing to the Lord ! When Time itself shall cease,
 nd final Ruin's desolating peace
 Enwrap this wide and restless world of man :
 Then the Judge rides upon th' enthroning wind,
 nd o'er all generations of mankind
 Eternal justice waves its winnowing Fan ;
 o vast Infinity's remotest space,
 hile ages run their everlasting race,
 hall all the Beatific hosts prolong,
 Tide as the glory of the Lamb, the Lamb's triumphant
 song !

DEAN MILMAN.



"All this I steadfastly believe."

THE Church raised in her ancient days
 The symbols of her Creed,
 To guard her sons from error's maze,
 Their feet aright to lead.

And we those forms of wholesome words
 Maintain from days of old,
 And what the Church her faith records,
 We still unshaken hold.

Then glory to our gracious God,
 The Three in One, be paid,
 As ever by His Church avow'd,
 And by His Word displayed !

BISHOP MANT.



"Wilt thou be baptized in this faith? That is my desire.

"I HAVE LENT HIM TO THE LORD."

God of that glorious gift of grace
By which Thy people see Thy face,
When in Thy presence we appear,
Vouchsafe us faith to venture near !

Confiding in Thy truth alone,
Here, on the steps of Jesus' throne,—
We lay the treasure Thou hast giv'n,
To be received and rear'd for heav'n.

Lent to us for a season,—we
Lend him for ever, Lord, to Thee !
Assured that if to Thee he live,
We gain in what we seem to give.

Large and abundant blessings shed,
Warm as these prayers upon his head ;
And on his soul the dews of grace,
Fresh as these drops upon his face !

Make him and keep him Thine own child,
Meek follower of the Undefined ;
Possessor here of grace and love,
Inheritor of Heaven above.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.

"That is my desire."

FOR ever here my rest shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side ;
This all my hope and all my plea,
For me the Saviour died.

My dying Saviour and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin ;
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own ;
Wash me, and mine Thou art ;
Wash me, but not my feet alone ;
My hands, my head, my heart.

The atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve ;
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

Unknown.

"Wilt thou, then, obediently keep God's holy will and
commandments?"

[PART.]

EARLY must little Children learn,
With hearts yet soft and shy,
Meekly to do another's will,
Nor ask the reason why.

Teachers, and friends, and parents dear,
And pastors, these are they
Of whom, to little Children, God
Says, "Hear them and obey."

Even He, the God once born on earth,
Whom angels wondering saw,
He bowed of old His infant head
Obedient to the law.

Lord, take away the stubborn thought,
The proud, rebellious heart;
In meek obedience ever lies
The Christian's proper part;

That, like Thine own obedient Son,
Subduing our own will,
Thy little Lambs to all Thy laws
May prove obedient still.

Verses for Holy Seasons.

"I will!"

BAPTISMAL VOWS.

O HAPPY new-born babe, where art thou lying?
 What are these sounds that fill with healing balm
 The hallow'd air, of power to still thy crying
 At once, and nurse thee into heavenly calm?

"His bosom bears me, who on earth descended,
 Of a poor Maid vouchsafing to be born.
 His saving words, with holy water blended,
 Have brought the glory to my prime of morn."

Joy to Thy nurse, more joy to her who bare thee,
 Lamb of that Shepherd's flock, whose name is Good;
 As He hath won, for ever may He wear thee,
 And keep thee purified with His dear blood!

"Amen : and therefore am I sworn His servant,
 His sacred Heart through life to be my rest,
 To watch His eye with adoration fervent,
 Foe of His foes, and in His white robe drest."

O blest, O safe, on God's own bosom leaning!
 But passion hours are nigh :—keep thou thy place;
 And far and wide are evil watchers, gleaning
 The lambs that slight the Shepherd's fostering grace.

“Nay, I will drink His cup ; my vow is taken ;
 With His baptizing blood mine own shall blend ;
 Ne’er be that holiest charge by me forsaken,
 The dying Saviour’s trust to each true friend.”

Well hast thou sworn, and be thy warfare glorious ;
 But saints are pure, the Church is undefil’d,
 And Jesus welcom’d from His Cross victorious
 A Virgin Mother to a Virgin Child.

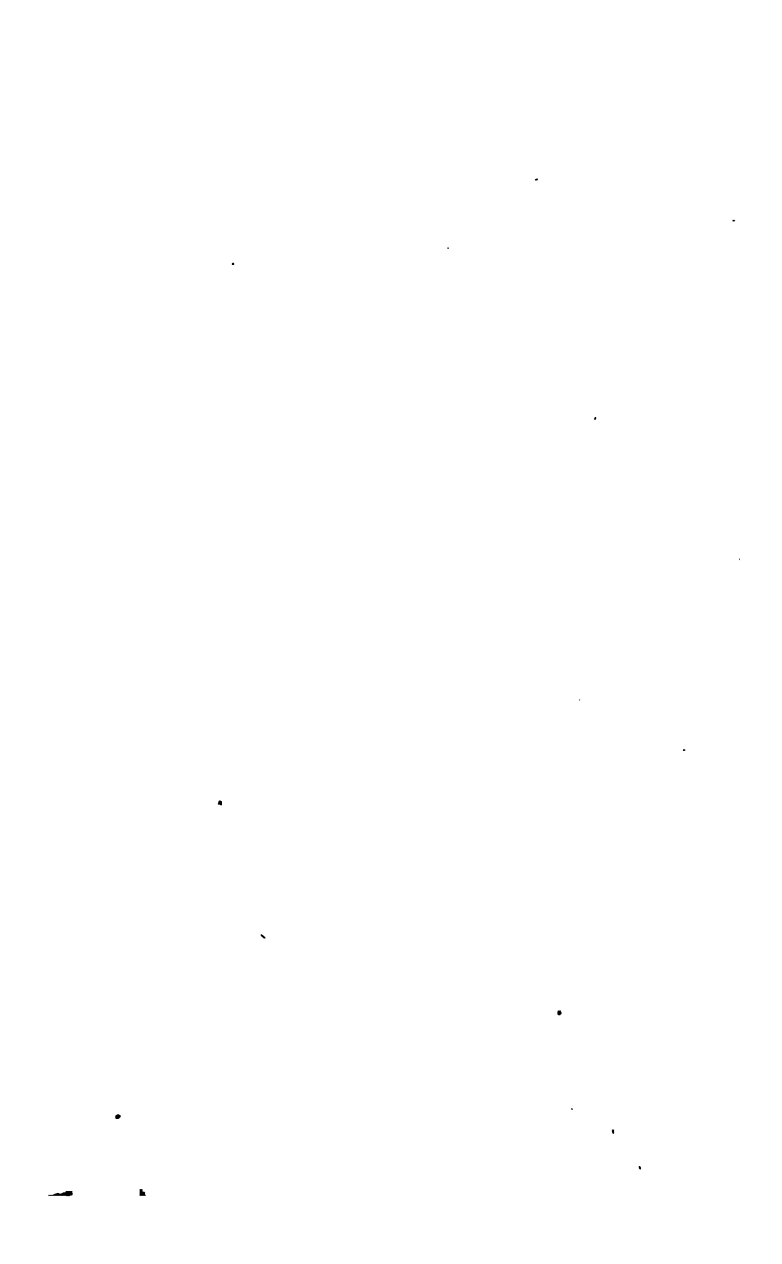
“Then ask for me, of the dread Son of Mary,
 Whose arms eternal are young children’s home,
 A loving heart, obedient eyes and wary,
 Even as I’m to tarry till He come.”

Prayer shall not fail, but higher He would lead thee ;
 His bosom friend ate of that awful Bread ;
 So will He wait all day to bless and feed thee ;—
 Come thou adoring, to be blest and fed.

“’Tis meet and right, and mine own bounden duty.
 Good angels guide me with pure heart to fall
 Before His altar-step, and see His beauty,
 And taste of Him, my First, my Last, mine All !”

Lyra Innocentium.





● merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this Child
 may be so buried, that the new man may be raised up
 in him. Amen."

READ any office—Baptism if you will,—
 From first to last, you'll find the reason still
 Why any or why all of them are read ;
 Reason, of all that's either sung or said,
 Is by this one great solemn truth explained,
 Of life in Adam lost, in Christ regained :
 Lost at the Fall, not at the end of years
 That Adam laboured in this vale of tears,
 When death through Christ was happy 'tis presumed,
 And vanquish'd that, to which he first was doomed.

BYRON.



"O merciful God, grant that the old Adam in this life may be so buried, that the new man may be raised in him. Amen."

LORD ! whose love in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stain away,
 Jesus ! from Thy heavenly dwelling,
 Hear us, help us, when we pray !

From the filth of vice and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth and selfish age ;

From the lusts whose deep pollutions
 Adam's ancient taint disclose,
 From the Tempter's dark intrusions,
 Restless doubt, and blind repose ;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus ! Master make us clean !

BISHOP HEBER.

t that all carnal affections may die in him, and that things belonging to the Spirit may live and grow in
 1. Amen."

In the fresh Baptismal tide
 In our early childhood dim,
 When our evil nature died,
 We were buried deep with Him ;
 We must live like men new-born,
 Waiting for a brighter morn.

Verses for Holy Seasons.



**"Grant that he may have power and strength to have victory
and to triumph against the devil, the world, and the flesh."**

O MORE than merciful ! whose bounty gave
Thy guiltless Self to glut the greedy grave !
Whose heart was rent to pay Thy people's price ;
The great High Priest at once, and Sacrifice !
Help, Saviour, by Thy Cross and crimson stain,
Nor let thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

When sin with flowery garland hides her dart,
And tyrant force would daunt the sinking heart,
When fleshly lust assails, or worldly care,
Or the soul flutters in the fowler's snare ;—
Help, Saviour, by Thy Cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain.

And chieftest then, when nature yields the strife,
And mortal darkness wraps the gate of life ;
When the poor spirit, from the tomb set free,
Sinks at Thy feet and lifts its hope to Thee,—
Help, Saviour, by Thy cross and crimson stain,
Nor let Thy glorious blood be spilt in vain !

BISHOP HEBER.

Grant that whosoever is here dedicated to Thee by our office
and ministry may also be endued with heavenly virtues,
and everlastingly rewarded, through Thy mercy, O blessed
Lord God, who dost live and govern all things, world
without end. Amen."

ON PERFORMING THE BAPTISMAL SERVICE THE FIRST TIME.

My infant ! I shall never know
A father's joy on earth below ;—
I dare not, lest my heart should cling
Too fondly to an earthly thing,
Or worldly sorrow steal my love
From God above.

Yet when I see Thy helpless form
Sleeping upon a stranger's arm,
And bless, and on thee see the seal
I set of Heaven,—they softly steal
A father's hopes, and love, and fears,
That melt in tears.

My first-born ! vows were o'er thee rais'd,
And charges given, and God was praised,
With mother's prayers to shield from sin,
And deeper thoughts of mine within ;
How could I clasp thee, pure as weak,
And coldly speak ?

For God has given a secret power
To weakest babe, and tenderest flower,

More than to aught of pride or awe,
Our softened hearts in love to draw,
And bade us helpless infants scan,
As He does man.

And thou art sleeping calm and meek,
While I may kiss thy placid cheek,
And feel a starting tear, to think
How dark the gulf, how close the brink,
On which the hopes we fondest cherish,
May fall and perish.

And thou art helpless all, and we
Must teach thee what to choose and flee ;
And toil to give thee daily bread,
And pray that life may bless thy head ;
Oh, were it not a fonder vow
To lose thee now ?

To lose thee young, and keep thee pure,
Where nought of ill thy heart can lure ;
When sad this earthly pris'n we trod,
To think thy soul was safe with God,
And watched thy parents' footsteps rather,
Than thee thy father

Thy father ! I may never more
My blessing on thy cradle pour ;
Another's eye shall guard thy sleep,
Another's arm thy footsteps keep ;
Thou art not mine, and yet I feel
I love thee still.



Almighty and everlasting God, whose most dearly beloved Son Jesus Christ, for the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of His most precious side both water and blood."

[PART.]

THE FONT.

THE Font, I say Why not ? And why not near
To the Church-door ? Why not of stone ?
Is not that blessed fountain open'd here,
From whence that water flows alone,
Which from sin and uncleanness washeth clear ?

What, is He not the Rock, out of whose side
Those streams of water-blood run forth ?
Th' elect and precious corner-stone well tried ?
Though the odds be great between their worth,
Rock-water and stone vessels are allied.

Regeneration is all in all ;
Washing, or sprinkling, but the sign,
The seal and instrument thereof ; I call
The one, as well as th' other mine,
And my posterity's, as federal.

The Synagogue.

“ For the forgiveness of our sins, did shed out of His precious side both water and blood.”

[PART.]

WE have a stream, more pure and clear
Than Jordan's silver tide,
The blood of Him who washed our sins,
And bore them when He died.

Our hearts are cold, our hearts are proud,
Contemning our own good ;
We do not love Him as we ought,
Nor serve Him as we should.

'Tis well, that we from sin's bad ways,
And from earth's vain delight,
Turn to our Lord in penitence,
And plead His cleansing might.

Oh, Christ ! Thy little children's robes
Have lost their first white hue ;
Lord, wash them in Thy cleansing blood,
Each day Thy grace renew !

Verses for Holy Seasons

And gave commandment to His disciples, that they should go teach all nations, and baptize them In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

[PART.]

For what more fundamental point or grand
Than our ascending Saviour's own command ?
"Go and baptize all nations in the name"
Of whom or what ? For thence the surest aim
Of Christian doctrine must appear the most,
"The name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"—
Our Lord's interpretation here we see
Of "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me."

For can the phrase, so highly sacred, show
The name of God to be omitted ? No !
By its essential Trinity exprest,
It showed what faith Christ willed to be profest :
One God the Jews had owned ; and one Supreme
With others lower, was the Pagan's theme,
How one was true, and how supreme profaned
Our Lord's baptismal ordinance explained.

BYRON.

“And baptize them In the name of the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost.”

[PART.]

THE Church did always, always will agree,
In its one worship of the Holy Three,
As taught by Christ ; that unity divine
Was full and perfect—that is Unitrine.
He said, “ Baptize all nations, and proclaim
Of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, the name.”

The “ Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! ” of the host
Of Heaven, is Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
Not Holy, Holier, and Holiest,—
But One Triune ; same Holiness confest,
One God, one loving and beloved Love,
On Earth below, adored in Heaven above.

BYRON.

“ Regard, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy congregation.”

GRACIOUS Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to Thee ;
 Gathered with Thine arms and carried
 In Thy bosom, may they be ;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.

Tender Shepherd, never leave them,
 From Thy fold to go astray ;
 By Thy look of love directed,
 May they walk the narrow way.
 Thus direct them, thus protect them,
 Lest they fall an easy prey.

Cleanse their hearts from sinful folly
 In the stream Thy love supplied ;
 Mingled streams of blood and water
 Flowing from Thy wounded side ;
 And to heavenly pastures lead them,
 Where Thine own still waters glide.

Let Thy holy word instruct them,
 Fill their minds with heavenly light ;
 Let Thy love and grace constrain them
 To approve whate'er is right :
 Take Thine easy yoke and wear it,
 And to prove Thy burden light.

Taught to lisp Thy holy praises,
Which on earth Thy children sing ;
Both with hearts and lips unfeigned
May they their thank-offering bring :
Then with all the Saints in glory
Join to praise their Lord and King !

Salisbury Hymn Book.



legard, we beseech Thee, the supplications of Thy congregation; sanctify this water to the mystical washing away of sin."

[PART.]

Lo ! washed within that hallowing tide,
 By Jesus' body sanctified,
 A people newly born !
 And to their prayers the opening Heaven,
 To them to be God's sons is given,
 And walk in endless morn !

We have been washed within the fountain
 Flowing from out Thy sacred mountain !
 For aye with us remain ;—
 O Saviour, who hast shed Thy blood,
 To wash our souls, and make us good,
 Keep us from sinful stain !

Latin Hymns.

And grant that this Child, now to be baptized therein, may receive the fulness of Thy grace, and ever remain in the number of Thy faithful and elect children; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

[PART.]

CHILDREN, all Christians here on earth,
Where'er their weary footsteps roam,
Whate'er their place, or state, or birth,
Are pilgrims going home.

If doing right seem hard and stern,
They must not shrink and turn away,
But take their Master's cross, and learn
To bear it, day by day.

Thus, praising God for all things sweet
And bright, that He on earth has given,
With watchful prayer their pilgrim feet
Must hasten on to Heaven.

Verses for Holy Season.

and that this Child may ever remain in the number of
Thy faithful and elect children ; through Jesus Christ
our Lord. Amen."

SAVIOUR, who Thy flock art feeding
With the Shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share ;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm ;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there, secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey ;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way :

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting place ;
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Hymns for Public Worship.



"Name this Child."

HUSH thee, sweet child ; those drops, whose fall
 Awake thy little cry,
 Were meant to bless, and not appal
 Thy soft, blue, dreaming eye.

Thou little know'st the gift bestowed,
 Else smiles instead of tears,
 And love and gratitude to God
 Had been, instead of fears.

Yet, we who boast a mightier mind,
 Dark mysteries to see,
 To heavenly blessings are as blind,
 Sweet innocent, as thee !

Although we see no holy Dove
 Descend upon thy head,
 As on the Lord of light and love,
 Where Jordan's waters spread ;

Still He who, erst in Jordan's stream,
 Received that sacred rite,
 Pours on thine infant soul a beam
 Of pure, redeeming light.

O may thy whispered, earthly name,
 In heavenly courts arise,
 And in God's golden book of fame
 Be read by angel eyes.

And may the prayers by mortals poured
 For thee, sweet bud of earth,
 In Heaven's immutable record
 Attest thy second birth.

Now thou art smiling ! may thy brow
 For ever wear that smile ;
 Long may thy heart be free as now,
 From sorrow and from guile !

With thee, in growth, may wisdom grow,
 And on that soul of thine
 May heavenly consolations flow,
 To bless thy life's decline.

And when at last thy race is run,
 And nature sinks oppressed,
 May the Eternal Sire and Son
 Receive thee to thy rest !

BETHUN

baptize Thee, In the name of the Father, and of the Son,
and of the Holy Ghost. . Amen."

THE MOST HOLY NAME!

ONCE in His name who made thee,
Once in His name who died for thee,
Once in His name who lives to aid thee,
We plunge in Love's boundless sea.

Christian, dear child, we call thee ;
Threefold the Bath, the Name is One ;
Henceforth, no evil dream befall thee,
Now is thy heavenly rest begun.

Yet, in sharp hours of trial,
The mighty seal must needs be proved :
Dread spirits wait in stern espial :—
But name thou still the Name beloved !

Name it with heart untainted,
Lips fragrant from their early vow,
Ere Conscience yet have swerved or fainted,
Ere Shame have dyed the willing brow.

Name it in dewy morning,
When duly for the world's keen fray,
With prayer and vow thy soul adorning,
Thou in thy bower salut'st the day.

In quiet evening name it,
When gently, like a wearied breeze,

Thou sink'st to sleep ; Oh, see thou claim it—
That saving Name—upon thy knees.

Name it in solemn meetings,
'Mid chanted anthems, grave and clear,
When toward the East our awful greetings
Are wafted ere our Lord appear.

Upon thy death-bed name it :
So may'st thou chase th' infernal horde,
So learn with Angels to proclaim it,
Thrice Holy, One Almighty Lord.

Lyra Innocentium.

'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

THE NAME.

O FATHER-HEART, who hast created all
 In wisest love, we pray
 Look on this babe, who, at Thy gracious call,
 Is entering on life's way,
 Bend o'er it now with blessing fraught,
 And make Thou something out of nought,
 O Father heart !

O Son of God, who diedst for us, behold
 We bring our child to Thee,
 Thou tender Shepherd, take it to Thy fold,
 Thine own for aye to be ;
 Defend it through this earthly strife,
 And lead it on the path of life,
 O Son of God !

O Holy Ghost, who broodest o'er the wave,
 Descend upon this child ;
 Give it undying life, its spirit lave
 With waters undefiled ;
 Grant it, while yet a babe, to be
 A child of God, a home for Thee,
 O Holy Ghost !

O Triune God, what Thou command'st is done,
 We speak, but *Thine* the might ;



In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the
Holy Ghost."

O God, thrice holy ! threefold Might !

O Trinity unknown !

Perpetual Font of proper light,

Thrice blest Thyself alone.

O Unity for ever True !

O Truth for ever One !

O Holy Love, Whose bounties through

Thy whole Creation run.

We, in Thy Name, regenerate,

Thy people, Thee confess ;

And, by sure faith, anticipate

What gifts love shall possess.

O Father, grant the power to do,

O Son, the will to learn,

O Spirit, to Thy choice most true,

Our will, our whole heart, turn !

Unknown.



He receive this Child into the congregation of Christ's flock."

THE BLESSING.

THY parents' arms now yield thee,
 With love all glowing warm,
 To Him who best can shield thee,
 To that Eternal Arm
 That all the heavens upholdeth,
 And bids the dead arise,
 That tender babes enfoldeth,
 And leads them toward the skies.

Wash'd in the blood that gushes
 From out His wounded heart,
 Wrapp'd in the peace that hushes
 All earthly grief and smart,
 Go forth upon thy journey,
 Grow up in strength and age,
 And seek, with joy and wisdom,
 Thy holy heritage.

Oh, sweet will sound the voices
 That hail thee from above,
 Where heaven's bright host rejoices
 Before the Eternal Love.
 "Now canst thou wander never,
 Now past is all Thy strife,
 Oh bless the hour for ever
 That call'd thee into life."

Lyra Germanica.

2nd Series.

"And do sign him with the sign of the Cross."

SINCE Christ embraced the Cross itself, dare I
 His image, the image of the Cross, deny ?
 Would I have profit by the sacrifice,
 And dare the chosen Altar to despise ?
 It bore all other sins, but is it fit
 That it should bear the sin of scorning it ?
 From me no pulpit, no misgrounded law,
 Nor scandal taken, shall this Cross withdraw.
 It shall not, for it cannot ; for the loss
 Of this Cross were to me no other cross :
 Better were worse, for no affliction,
 No cross, is so extreme as to have none.
 Who can blot out the Cross which th' instrument
 Of God dewed on me in the Sacrament ?

DONNE.

“And do sign him with the sign of the Cross.”

[PART.]

SIGN OF THE CROSS.

WHERE is the mark to Jesus known,
 Whereby He seals His own ?
 Slaves wore of old on brow and breast
 Their master's name impress'd,
 And Christian babes on heart and brow
 Wear Jesus' token now.
 His holy Priest that token gave
 With finger dipt in the life-giving wave.

Ye elder brethren, think on this !
 Think on the mighty bliss,
 Should He, the Friend of babes, one day,
 The words of blessing say :—
 “My seal upon My lambs ye knew,
 And I will honour you :”—
 And think upon the eternal loss
 If on their foreheads ye deface the glorious Cross.

Lyra Innocentium.

"And do sign him with the sign of the Cross."

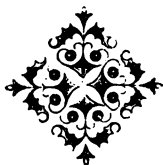
OH blessed Cross ! no more death's sign,
 But standard of eternal life,
 Purchased through thee by Love divine ;
 Token no more of earth's wild strife
 Hush'd in dim anguish !—hope and joy
 Attend thee now, and quiet peace,
 Peace e'en on earth without alloy ;
 No curse is on thee now, no shame,
 Made glorious by th' all-glorious Name,
 And hung with festal crowns, a ransom and release.

Badge of the Christian's warfare ; seal
 Of promises by Mercy given ;
 The mystic token to reveal
 Re-union of what sin had riven ;
 Earth joined to Heaven, the form of flesh
 From wrath to grace revived anew ;—
 Mortal corruption made afresh
 Inheritor of purity,
 And gifts which earth could never buy,
 The crown of Saints, the robe of spotless hue.

Blest sign, that aid'st to consecrate
 The stream that clears our sin away,
 Our shield against the burning hate
 Of foes, who thirst the soul to slay ;
 Oh never may I shrink to bear
 The burden which my Saviour bore !

our bitterest draught of care
I canst infuse a taste as sweet
As ael's parched tongue did greet,
When the tree healed bleak Marah's waves of yore.

Lyra Sanctorum.



"In token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confesse
the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under
His banner."

HOLY BAPTISM.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ crucified to own,
We print the Cross upon thee here,
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch
Christ's quarrel to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain ;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the Cross, despise the shame,
And set thee down on high ;

Thus outwardly and visibly
We seal thee for His own ;
And may the brow that wears His Cross
Hereafter share His Crown !

DEAN ALFORD

In token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess
the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under
His banner."

[PART.]

CHRIST BAPTIZED.

O BLESSED, thrice blessed are they,
Who, true to their spiritual birth,
Endeavour the image of Christ to display
In their pilgrimage here upon earth.
They have plighted fidelity's vow,
They have chosen the militant part ;
The sign of allegiance, then traced on their brow,
Remains aye impressed on the core of their heart.

In the storms and the strife of the world,
To the "Amen, the Faithful, and True,"
They look ; o'er their head is His banner unfurled ;
And, trusting in that to subdue,
They with faith, hope, and charity, hold
Right on, where their "Captain" has trod ;
See in prospect the gates of His kingdom unfold,
And rejoice in the promis'd effulgence of God.

BISHOP MANT.

"To fight under His banner, against sin, the world, an
 devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and se-
 unto his life's end."

[PART.]

"THIS IS THE VICTORY THAT OVERCOMETH THE
 WORLD, EVEN OUR FAITH."

We too, are many, hastening on
 Beneath one Banner beaming bright;
 The Captain of our host is gone
 Before His soldiers to the fight;

We bear His sign upon our brow,
 We hold His armour in our hand,
 Bound, by our earliest uttered vow,
 True soldiers of His chosen band.

Our foes are round us every day;
 The world with her deceitful smiles,
 Our bad hearts leading us astray,
 And Satan with his thousand wiles.

But He, Who stemmed them all of yore,
 Who conquered sin, and death, and hell,
 He holds the victor's crown before,
 And bids His warriors fight as well.

He bids us watch our hearts within,
 When passion rises, wrath and pride;
 And fight against the thought of sin,
 And put the evil wish aside.

Earth marshals forth her warlike powers,
With clash of arms and trumpet's tone ;
A stiller, holier strife is ours,
Where prayer and praise are heard alone.

But Angels watch the holy throng,
Christ's red-cross Banner waves on high,
And heavenly crown and Seraphs' song,
Reward the Christian's victory.

Verses for Holy Seasons.



“And do sign him with the sign of the Cross, in token that hereafter he shall not be ashamed to confess the faith of Christ crucified, and manfully to fight under His banner, against sin, the world, and the devil; and to continue Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end.”

AND on his breste a bloodie Crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever Him adored.
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For souveraine hope which in His helpe he had;
 Right faithful true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheer did seem so solemn sad:
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

SPENSER.



eing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this Child is
 regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's Church."

[PART.]

CHURCH RITES.

A BABE in deep repose
 Where holy water flows,
 athed, while o'er him holiest words are said.
 A child of wrath he came—
 Now hath he Jesus' Name :
 lory like a Saint's surrounds his favoured head.

What is this silent might,
 Making our darkness light,
 wine our waters, Heavenly Blood our wine
 Christ, with His Mother dear,
 And all His Saints, is here,
 where they dwell is Heaven, and what they touch
 divine.

Lyra Innocentium.

**" Seeing now, dearly beloved brethren, that this Child
regenerate, and grafted into the body of Christ's Church."**

LORD, may the inward grace abound
Through Thine appointed outward sign ;
A milder seal than Abraham found,
Of covenant blessings more divine ;
Which opens glory to our view,
Beyond the brightest hope he knew.

Type of the Spirit's living flow,
In faith we pour the hallow'd stream :
We sign the Cross upon the brow,
The solemn pledge of truth to Him
Who shed for us His precious blood,
To seal the covenant of God.

Baptiz'd into the Trinity,
Adopted children of Thy grace,
Oh help us, Lord, to live to Thee,
A humble, pure, and faithful race.
Instruct us, sanctify, defend,
And crown with heavenly life our end !

Unknown

Let us give thanks to Almighty God for these benefits ; and
with one accord make our prayers unto Him, that this
Child may lead the rest of his life according to the
beginning."

[PART.]

TO MY GOD-CHILD.

DEAR child, and happy shalt thou be,
If from this hour with just increase
All good things shall grow up in thee,
By such unmarked degrees.

If there shall be no dreary space
Between thy present self and past,
No dreary miserable place
With spectral shapes aghast ;

But the full graces of thy prime
Shall, in their weak beginnings, be
Lost in an unremembered time
Of holy infancy.

This blessing is the first and best ;
Yet has not prayer been made in vain
For them, though not so amply blest,
The lost and found again.

And shouldest thou, alas ! forbear
To choose the better, nobler lot,
Yet may we not esteem our prayer
Unheard or heeded not ;

If after many a wandering,
And many a devious pathway trod,
If having known that bitter thing,
To leave the Lord thy God ;

It yet shall be, that thou at last,
Although thy noon be lost, return
To bind life's eve in union fast
With this, its blessed morn.

DEAN TRENCH.



Take our prayers unto Him, that this Child may lead the
rest of his life according to this beginning."

THE glittering grass, with dewdrops bright,
Is all astir with twinkling light ;
What pity such a fair array,
So soon is meant to melt away !

Yet hath God given those drops a power
To raise the grass and cheer the flower ;
All the hot noon their grace shall bide,
And fresh shall fall at eventide.

So day by day, O Lord, renew,
The grace of my baptismal dew ;
Let its sweet power be with me now,
As when it sparkled on my brow.

And evermore that gift bestow,
While in my garden here I grow ;
That still to Heaven my growth may tend,
From whence those blessed dews descend.

REV. THOMAS WHYTEHEAD.



"Our Father, which art in Heaven."

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE BAPTISMAL SERVICE."

OUR Father, freed from error's chain,
 May we Thy children be,
 At the blest Fountain born again
 To filial liberty.

All things are changing, Thou the same,
 Thou art our Heavenly Home ;
 Be hallowed here our Father's Name,
 Until His Kingdom come.

Lo, to Thy Kingdom here below
 We little children bring,
 For to that Kingdom such we know,
 The meetest offering,

That they in Thee may here put on
 Thy Kingdom's panoply ;
 And in the path of duty run,
 Like children of the sky.

Oft as breaks out their mother's stain,
 While they advance to Heaven,
 Children in love may they remain
 Forgiving and forgiv'n.

Let nought allure them from Thy word,
 Or tempt their spirits frail,
 But should they fall, yet, blessed Lord,
 Let evil not prevail.

REV. ISAAC WILLIAMS.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

HOLY, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !

Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

Holy, holy, holy ! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy
 sea ;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
 Which wert and art and ever more shall be !

Holy, holy, holy ! Though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
 Only Thou art holy, there is none beside Thee,
 Perfect in power, in love, and purity !

Holy, holy, holy ! Lord God Almighty !

All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and
 sky, and sea ;
 Holy, holy, holy ! merciful and mighty !
 God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity !

BISHOP HEBER.

"Hallowed be Thy Name."

HOLY ! holy ! holy ! thrice we raise the suppliant cry,
Holy ! holy ! holy ! thrice the Angel hosts reply,
Holy Father ! Holy Son !
Holy Spirit ! Three yet One !

Faint, and dim, and darkling,—lo, the light from Heaven
is shed,
very ray in mercy sent to raise the sinner's head ;
And can God our reason tempt ?
Or has man the vision dreamt ?

oly ! holy ! holy ! ere the infant world was made,
hron'd in might and glory—heavenly choirs Thy will
obeyed,
And the chords, our hearts that move,
Wake, but when they serve and love.

Then the breath of life was giv'n,—was it not Thy holy
will,
ord, that One, but One, these our earth-bound hearts
should fill,
Lest our souls with doubts be racked,
Or their wandering love distract ?

oly ! holy ! holy ! One in heaven and earth and sea !
aker ! Lord ! and Keeper ! lo, we lift the song to Thee !
Thine the glory ! Thine the Throne !
Dwelling in Thy depths alone !

We must bow in glad subjection, aw'd yet proud, as they
 who stand
 Near a Monarch's throne of glory,—joy'd to own a Master's
 hand ;
 And but scan the heights above,
 By the depths in which we move.

O what art beneath His eye can teach our souls to rise
 and sink,—
 Now wing up to Heaven and now cower on shame and
 sorrow's brink,
 Both in one bright centre ending,
 Fear and love yet never blending ?

What but thine, O Lord, whose hand all the silver cords
 of thought
 Parted still, but not divided, close in triple woof has
 brought ;
 Each their mystic currents run,
 Closing not in Three but One.

What but Thine, Thyself revealing, Three yet One, that
 meek and low,
 Calm in safe submission—man before Thy feet may bow ;
 Children, 'neath an awful Sire,
 Sinners, 'neath their Maker's ire !

Three yet One ! that sinking with Thy might and fear
 oppress,
 Love may spring to Heaven, and find shelter in a
 Saviour's breast,

Hushing every rude alarm
In a bruised and human Form.

Three yet One, O Spirit! Lord of Goodness, Life, and
Grace,
That within our mortal heart, Thou mayest make Thy
dwelling place,
Gliding like a holy dove,
Full of peace and calm and love.

Come! and when we sink in terror, lift to Heaven our
trembling soul;
When we soar too bold and fearless, bid Thy distant
thunders roll—
Duly, Lord, to worship Thee,
Three in One, and One in Three!

Sewell's Sacred Thoughts.



“Thy Kingdom come.”

LORD, in Thy Kingdom there shall be
 No aliens from each other,
 But even as he loves himself,
 Each saint shall love each other.

When in Thy courts we meet, below,
 To mourn our sinful living,
 And with one mingling voice repeat -
 Confession, Creed, Thanksgiving ;

Make us to hear in each sweet word,
 Thy Holy Spirit calling
 To oneness with Thy Church and Thee ;
 That heavenly bond forestalling.

One Baptism, one faith have we,
 One Spirit sent to win us,
 One Lord, one Father, and one God,
 Above, and through, and in us.

Never, by schism or by sin,
 May we that union sever,
 Till all, to perfect stature grown,
 Are one with Thee for ever.

Child's Christian Year.

“Thy Kingdom come.”

FATHER, Thy Kingdom come !”—Each morn doth bear
 to Heaven the odorous incense of that prayer ;
 Each eve the Church’s faithful children lay
 that offering on her altar ;—day by day
 their voices mingling with th’ expectant song
 of martyrs in their rest, that white-robed throng
 Who cry, “ O Lord most holy, Lord most true, how long ? ”

Our lips pour forth the prayer—“Thy Kingdom come !”
 Our hearts respond not. Words make up the sum
 of our faint longings. “Go ye, teach, baptize !”
 sound in our ears, and flash upon our eyes ;
 but still the soul sleeps on. Those tones should ring
 to us with melody of Heaven, and sing
 high Seraph-strains attuned to their most joyous string.

Lyra Sanctorum.

“Thy will be done on earth, as it is in Heaven.”

SHE turned her eyes
To heaven, and praised the Lord.
“He gave, He takes away !”
The pious sufferer cried,
“The Lord our God is good !”

* * * *

She had not wept till that assuaging prayer,—
The fountains of her grief were open'd then,
And tears relieved her heart.
She raised her swimming eyes to Heaven,
“Father, Thy will be done !
Beneath the dispensations of that will
I groan, but murmur not.
A day will come, when all things that are dark
Will be made clear :—then shall I know, O Lord
Why in Thy mercy Thou hast stricken me ;
Then see and understand, what now
My heart believes and feels.”

SOUTH

" Give us this day our daily bread."

O KING of earth and air and sea !
The hungry ravens cry to Thee ;
To Thee the scaly tribes that sweep
The bosom of the boundless deep ;

To Thee the lions roaring call,
The common Father, kind to all !
Then grant Thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
Our daily bread from day to day.

The fishes may for food complain ;
The ravens spread their wings in vain ;
The roaring lions lack and pine ;
But, God, Thou carest still for Thine !

Thy bounteous hand with food can bless
The bleak and lonely wilderness ;
And Thou hast taught us, Lord ! to pray
For daily bread from day to day !

And, oh, when through the wilds we roam
That part us from our heavenly home ;
When lost in danger, want, and woe,
Our faithless tears begin to flow ;

Do Thou Thy gracious comfort give,
By which alone the soul may live ;
And grant Thy servants, Lord ! we pray,
The bread of life from day to day !

BISHOP HEBER.

“And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them
trespass against us.”

THE Son of God has taught
How nobly to forgive ;
And, to the Church He bought,
Did His own pattern give ;
Christ died upon the tree,
To make the Church one family.

When on your infant brow
The sacred sign was set—
The Cross of Christ, which now
You never should forget,—
Then were you made to be
A member of this family.

Then, children, watch your heart,
Whilst daily you entreat
The Just One to impart
The measure that you mete.
Oh, tremble ; for you may
Against your own soul surely pray.

Hymns on the Lord's Pray

“And lead us not into temptation.”

Now of those words the force I see,
 Oh, “keep me from temptation free ;”
 And though the wily self within
 Hath been in parley seen
 With treacherous foes that round me steal,
 Yet it is good their force to feel.

When thoughts of weakness me appal,
 To whom temptation is to fall,
 I wish for wings, to some safe nest
 To flee—and be at rest,
 That I may 'scape the stormy wind
 And never-dying worm behind.

Yet better trembling thus to go,
 That we may more our weakness know ;
 Then come, sweet Psalmist, to my breast,
 In “better soul confest ;”
 In God I trust, then why should I,
 Like bird, unto the mountain fly ?

I walk on hidden flames,—but Thou
 Orderest my goings,—and I bow,
 But tremble.—Oh, by these my tears,
 And agonizing fears,
 Take up the shield and buckler, still
 Guard Thou, and keep my-soul from ill !

Thoughts in Past Years.

"But deliver us from evil."

[PART.]

GRANT us not the ill
We blindly ask ; in very love refuse
Whate'er Thou know'st our weakness would abu

Or rather help us, Lord, to choose the good,
To pray for nought, to seek to none but Thee,
Nor by "our daily bread" mean common food,
Nor say "from this world's evil set us free ;"
Teach us to love, with Christ, our sole true bliss
Else though in Christ's own words, we surel
amiss.

Christian I



"But deliver us from evil."

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN THE DAILY SERVICE.

LIKE as a father his own children loves,
So unto those that fear Thee Thou art kind ;
For Thine own glorious Name,
Turn from us our deserts !

Strengthen and comfort, raise us and support,
So may Thy will be done as 'tis in Heaven,
And dews of blessing fall
On the fruit-bearing earth.

By all Thy works that we might be forgiven,
Thy Love, Thy Prayer, Thy Baptism, Thy Grave,
From envy and from hate,
Deliver us, good Lord.

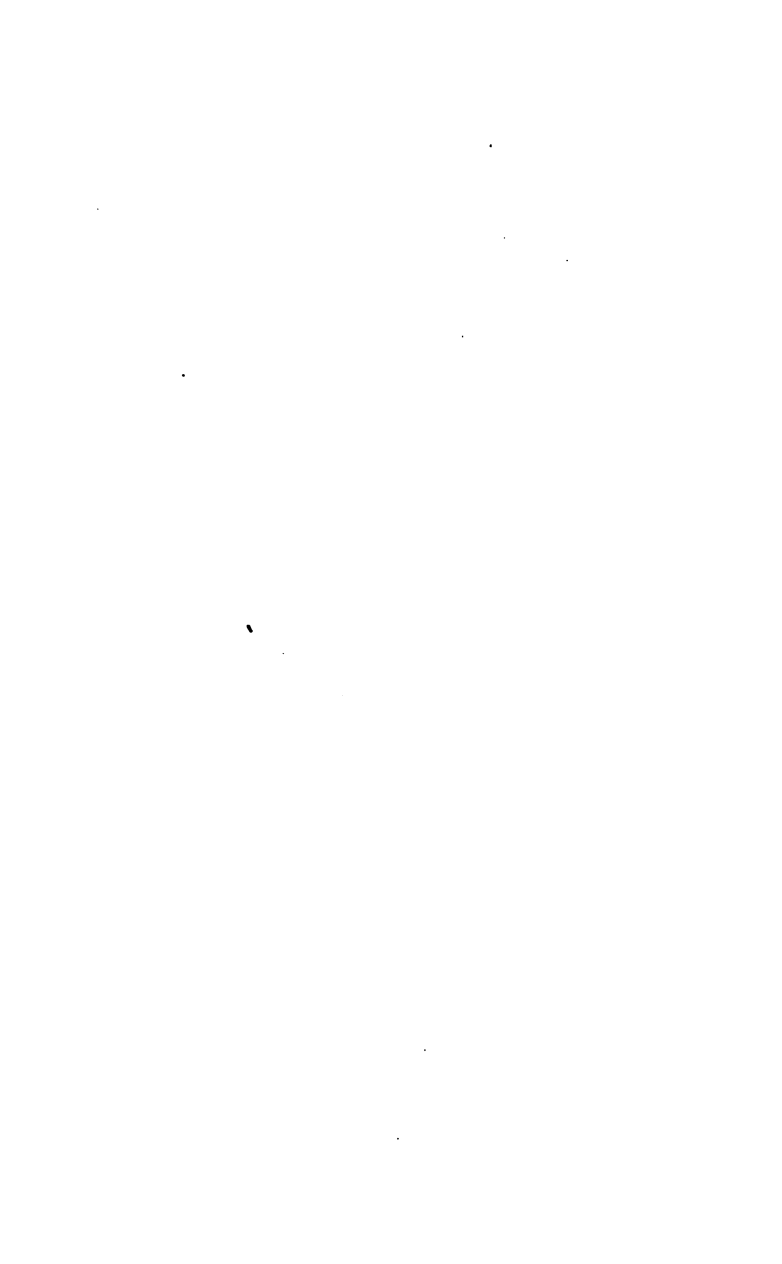
Deliver us from the dark Tempter's wiles,
In sorrow's hour, and in the hour of wealth ;
So 'neath our feet, at last,
The Serpent may be laid.

The Cathedral.

*"For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for
ever and ever. Amen."*

For unto Thee all power, all praise belongs ;
Thine are united saints' and angels' songs ;
Redeemed spirits,—they who near Thy throne,
Stand in Thy light, or at Thy bidding move ;
Who know no song—no cause for gladness own,
But that one deep, exhaustless theme—Thy love ;
They, and Thy suffering saints who wait below,
'Mid sins, temptations, weariness, and woe,—
Swell the same chorus ; every tongue and tribe
To Thee all might—all majesty ascribe.
Thine is the Kingdom—reign in every heart ;
Thine is the Power—create us as Thou art ;
And Thine the Glory—at Thy feet shall fall
Ten thousand thousand crowns, and Thou the Lord
of all.

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.



1

we yield Thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that
 it hath pleased Thee to regenerate this Infant with Thy
 Holy Spirit."

DEAR Christian child ! was it the power
 That o'er those waters came,
 Which stirred thee at that solemn hour,
 And thrill'd through all thy trembling frame ?

Oh ! was it keen and fierce the smart
 When the old root within thee died,
 And the new nature in thy heart
 Rose like the swell of ocean's tide ?

Yes, in the dawn of Thy new birth
 There came some spiritual fears—
 Faint gleams of after-things, that earth
 Might pay the firstfruits of her tears.

Sweet penitent ! all lovely things
 Are, for their brightness, full of fear,
 And strange would seem those angel wings
 That came, and made soft motions near.

And yet the Cross did hush thy cries,
 When thou within mine arms did lie,
 Quiet and sealed for sacrifice
 Unto the Holy Trinity.

And such a smile sat on thy mouth,
 While from that Token's fourfold might,
 From East and West, and North and South,
 Great visions broke upon thy sight,—

And such a look came from thine eyes,
 Through lashes fringed with Christian dew,
 Wonder, and hope, and mirth, did rise
 Up from those wells of heavenly blue.

Now thou art consecrate, fair thing !
 A Church where sinners have not prayed,
 A shrine where only angels sing,
 Another stone in Zion laid.

REV. F. W. FABER



ield thee hearty thanks, most merciful Father, that it
 y pleased Thee to regenerate this Infant with Thy
 g Spirit."

OH, yes, if what this world can give
 Were all our destiny,
 Indeed, 'twere better not to live,
 Or being born, to die.

And I, too, from the eternal sleep
 Woke to this world of strife,
 Could like a Thracian mother weep
 O'er this poor gift of life.

REMEMBERETH NO MORE THE ANGUISH, FOR JOY
 THAT A MAN IS BORN INTO THE WORLD."

S. John xvi. 21.

BUT on thy face, my little one,
 There is a drop of dew,
 Which from the everlasting Sun
 Hath caught a living hue.

With that may blend a mother's tear
 Till both in hope may shine,
 To wake in Heaven, and find Thee there,
 To share the life Divine.

The Christian Scholar.

“ To receive him for Thine own Child by adoption, and to
incorporate him into Thy holy Church.”

MEMBERS of Christ, children of God,
Inheritors of Heaven ;
What titles,—what a bright abode,
Mercy to man hath given !

Great God,—how grateful we should be
For all that Thou hast done
To make poor sinners one with Thee,
Thro’ Thine eternal Son !

What Love but Thine would e’er have thought
That only Son to give ?
What blood but His could e’er have bought
The right for souls to live ?

What Power but Thine own gentle grace
Could break a heart of sin,
And then—into so vile a place,—
Would stoop to enter in ?

Father, Thy Spirit and Thy blood
Shall not in vain be given ;
Members of Christ, children of God,
We’ll learn to live for Heaven !

REV. J. S. B. MONSELL.

d humbly we beseech Thee to grant, that he, being dead
 unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried
 with Christ in His death, may crucify the old man."

E'EN so in Baptism, thou who die'st
 Dost rise again, in Jesus Christ,
 To a new life ; all virtue then
 Shall mark thy ways with God and men,
 Each day's course be a path of light,
 A blessed sunset every night,
 And well thy calling shalt thou keep,
 At home, abroad, awake, asleep.

Days and Seasons.



“And humbly we beseech Thee to grant, that he, being dead unto sin, and living unto righteousness, and being buried with Christ in His death, may crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the whole body of sin.”

THAT holy rite, that solemn vow,
 May we its heav'nly influence know ;
 Born from above, and kept, and blest ;
 So pass'd Thy people through the flood,
 So, guided by the shadowing cloud,
 They gain'd the promis'd Canaan's rest.

Baptized into the Saviour's death,
 Oh, may we die to all beneath,
 And live henceforth to Him alone ;
 Serve Him with zeal and patience here,
 And wait till He, our Life, appear,
 And raise us to a heav'nly throne.

Unknown.

And that, as he is made partaker of the death of Thy Son, he may also be partaker of His resurrection; so that finally, with the residue of Thy holy Church, he may be an inheritor of Thine everlasting kingdom; through Christ our Lord. Amen."

SWEET babe! whose eyes to life's eventful morn
Have recent waked, unconscious of its cares;
With growing strength, may growing grace adorn
And smooth thy passage through this vale of tears.

This day, dear object of thy parents' love,
The adopting sign Christ's Church to thee has given,
Oh, may'st thou, gathered to His Church above,
Live to Him here, and reign with Him in Heaven.

ADENEY.



"**May crucify the old man, and utterly abolish the body of sin—through Christ our Lord. Amen.**"

THINK ye the host of martyrs
Have left no crowns for you ?
Think ye that there remaineth
No work like theirs to do ?

Nay, by the sign upon you,
And by the name ye bear,
And by the Red Cross banner,
Committed to your care,

Ye have to stand undaunted
Where once Apostles stood ;
Ye have to bear your witness,
It may be unto blood !

Unknown



“Forasmuch as this Child hath promised by you his sureties
to renounce the devil and all his works, to believe in God,
and to serve Him.”

THE GOD-CHILD.

I stood beside thee in the holy place,
And saw the holy sprinkling on thy brow,
And was both bond and witness to the vow
Which own'd thy need, confirm'd thy claims of grace ;
That sacred sign, which time shall not efface,
Declared thee His, to whom all angels bow,
Who bade th' herald saint the rite allow
To the sole sinless of all Adam's race.
That was indeed an awful sight to see ;
And oft, I fear, for what my love hath done,
As voucher of thy sweet communion
In thy sweet Saviour's blessed mystery.
Would I might give thee back, my little one,
But half the good that I have got from thee !

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

"PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOUR OF GOD."

Yes, fearless may he lift the brow,
Who bears, unstain'd and bright,
By touch of Angels sealed e'en now,
His Saviour's Cross of might.

Oh, if so fair the first dim ray,
In Jesus' morn of grace,
How will it glow, His perfect Day,
On our triumphant race !

If but His banner's hovering shade
May scare the infernal band,
How strong, who to the end arrayed
In His full armour stand !

Then haste, young warrior, year by year,
And day by day and hour

Then, heavenly Calmness, lest thou fall
Where scandals line the way ;
Faith in th' Unseen, thy shield o'er all,
Each fiery dart to stay.

Hope in His gift, thine helmet sure ;
Trust in His living Word,
Thy weapon keen, to chase the impure,
His Spirit's awful sword.—

This is thine armour, bathed in heaven :
Keep thou, by prayer and fast,
Thy Saviour's seal, so early given ;
All shall be thine at last.

Lyra Innocentium.



“He must remember, that it is your parts and duties to see that this Infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession, he hath here made by you.”

SPONSORS.

FATHER ! to God Himself we cannot give
 A holier name ! Then lightly do not bear
 Both names conjoined, but of thy spiritual care
 Be duly mindful ! Still more sensitive
 Do thou, in truth a second mother, strive
 Against disheartening custom, that by thee
 Watched, and with love and pious industry
 Tended at need, the adopted plant may thrive
 For everlasting bloom. Benign and pure
 This Ordinance, whether loss it would supply,
 Prevent omission, help deficiency,
 Or seek to make assurance doubly sure.
 Shame if the consecrated Vow be found
 An idle form, the Word an empty sound !

WORDSWORTH.

He must remember, that it is your parts and duties to see that this Infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession, he hath here made by you."

THOU dearest object of incessant care,
 For thee before the throne of Heaven I bend,
 Constant as days arise and nights descend,
 Imploring God, who thy young life doth spare,
 To give thee only good. And if to share
 That good my worn existence may extend,
 Be it in forming, as thy firmest friend,
 Part of thy bliss ; the subject of my prayer.
 Spirit of light, who, tender as the dove
 On viewless wings on earth's rough confines range,
 Forbidding worldly demons to estrange
 Hearts formed to harmonise by Powers above,
 In us for ever guard the sweet exchange
 Of perfect, filial, and parental love !

HAYLEY.

"We must remember, that it is your parts and duties to see that this Infant be taught, so soon as he shall be able to learn, what a solemn vow, promise, and profession, he hath here made by you."

Oh wash thine eyes with many a bitter tear,
 And all things shall grow clear ;
 Bend that proud forehead nearer to the ground,
 And catch a far foot's sound.
 Say, wouldst thou know what faithful suppliants feel,
 Thou too, even thou, must kneel.
 Do thy part well, and ask not why nor how
 Religion is a vow.
 They sang not idle songs ; pledges they made
 For thee, an infant, laid
 In the Church's lucid bosom. These must thou
 Fulfil or else renounce ! Fulfil them now ;
 A Cross, and not a wreath, was planted on thy brow.

AUBREY DE VERE.

“And that he may know these things the better, ye shall call upon him to hear Sermons; and chiefly ye shall provide, that he may learn the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue, and all other things that a Christian ought to know and believe to his soul’s health.”

ON THE BAPTISM OF ———,

WITH ALLUSIONS TO THE CUSTOMS OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

ON Easter-eve how beautiful a sight,

On that day’s vigil, which the Lord had made,
To have beholden in their vestments white

The happy troop of Neophytes arrayed,
New washed, and waiting now with joyful cheer
To hail that morn, the gladdest in the year!

Or on that other not less solemn day—

Day when the Lord His promised Spirit gave,
It must have been fair prospect to survey

His snowy flock ascending from the wave,
Thenceforward, under their true Shepherd’s care,
To living streams and pastures to repair.

But if there be not now such ample rite,

Yet we will lack not our solemnity,
Done not in vacant aisle, nor out of sight—

But all the whole assembly standing by,
In hope and trust that many faithful hearts
Will in those earnest pleadings bear their parts.

And may the honey and the milk be thine,
 Known to thy spiritual taste, the firstfruits sweet
 Of that rich promised country, land divine,
 Whither thou travellest now with pilgrim feet—
 As babes by milk, so, nourished by the Word,
 Its honey sweetness to all else preferred.

As though the lighted tapers in thy hand
 Had been placed duly, so henceforward live ;
 By the true light illumined, take thy stand ;
 Thyself a light, bright light about thee give,
 Issuing with furnished lamp and ready feet,
 The Bridegroom in the middle night to greet.

Thou too must tow'rd the orient turn thy face,
 Since that way lieth Paradise, whose gates
 Have been to thee re-opened by this grace ;
 And, turning him that way, the watcher waits
 The rising sun to cheer him and to bless—
 Emblem of Him, our Sun of righteousness.

And faith beholds thee in white robes arrayed,
 The mystic garment of pure innocence ;
 Oh, might their primal glory never fade !
 That thou might'st keep them still without offence !
 Pledge of yet brighter robes one day to be,
 The glistening robes of immortality !

Thine, too, the anointing with the holy oil,
 That thou may'st struggle thro' the contest hard,
 Not shrinking from the burden and the toil—
 A Christian athlete—and at his award,

The Master of the games, in time to wear
The victor's wreath, the amaranth garland fair.

And thou shalt early learn what right is thine.

Upon thy lips to take the dearest name
Of Father, kneeling at the inner shrine,

And all chief blessings of God's house to claim,
"Our Father" with all confidence to say,
And boldly use the children's prayer alway.

DEAN TRENCH



“ And that this Child may be virtuously brought up to lead a
godly and a Christian life.”

[PART.]

OH ye who wait with hearts too light
By Font or cradle, fear in time !
Oh, let not all your dreams be bright,
Here in Earth's wayward clime !

From the foul dew, the blighting air,
Watch well your treasure newly won.
Heaven's child and yours, uncharm'd by prayer,
May prove Perdition's son.

Lyra Innocentium.



Remembering always, that Baptism doth represent unto us
our profession; which is, to follow the example of our
Saviour Christ, and to be made like unto Him."

AND we must cast our sins away ;
The Christian robe all white and new
He gave on our Baptismal day,
We must not stain its snowy hue.

But all the things He used to tell
Our hands must do, our lips must learn,
Like faithful servants working well,
And waiting our dear Lord's return.

For surely as the leaves and flowers
In summer-time come back again,
So surely as in sultry hours
The dark clouds bring the pleasant rain,

Shall He, Who in His lowly love
Came down that we might be forgiven,
Break glorious through the clouds above
And take His children home to heaven.

Verses for Holy Seasons.

"That, as He died, and rose again for us, so should we
 be baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto right-
 ness."

ALMIGHTY God, whose blessed will was done
 By Jesus Christ our Lord, Thine only Son ;
 Death overcome, and opened unto men
 The gate of everlasting life again ;
 Grant us, baptized unto His death, to die
 To all affections but to things on high ;
 That when, by His preventing grace, we find
 The good desires to rise within our mind,
 Our wills may tend as Thine shall still direct,
 And bring the good desires to good effect ;
 Through Him, the one Redeemer from the fall,
 Who lived and died, and rose again for all !

By



"That, as He died, and rose again for us, so should we, who are baptized, die from sin, and rise again unto righteousness."

MY BAPTISMAL BIRTHDAY.

God's child in Christ adopted,—Christ my all—
 What that earth boasts were not lost cheaply, rather
 Than forfeit that blest name, by which I call
 The Holy One, the Almighty God, my Father ?
 Father ! in Christ we live, and Christ in Thee ;
 Eternal Thou, and everlasting we.
 The heir of Heaven ! henceforth I fear not death—
 In Christ I live, in Christ I draw the breath
 Of the true life ; let then earth, sea, and sky,
 Make war against me ! on my front I show
 Their mighty Master's seal. In vain they try
 To end my life, that can but end its woe.
 Is that a death-bed where a Christian lies ?
 Yes ; but not his—'tis Death itself there dies.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

“Continually mortifying all our evil and corrupt affections, and daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living.”

THE vow is spoken—and with many prayers
 The Cross is signed upon thy infant brow.
 God help thee, little one ! in after years
 With zealous heed to keep the solemn vow
 Which in thy name thy sureties utter now.
 Shouldst thou forget, methinks the very stones
 Which pave this shrine would in reproachful tones
 Witness against thee. Yet even thou,
 Despite thy cherub beauty, bear'st within
 The fertile seeds of error and of sin.
 Then may the Spirit's grace, betokened here
 By this pure element, from guilt so clear
 Thy heart and life, that we may trace in thee
 All that the soldier of the Cross should be.

Unknown.

"And daily proceeding in all virtue and godliness of living."

[PART.]

WE walk in a new life ; for us the stain
That fell on this bright world, God's fair creation,
Is washed away ; and we are made again
The sons of God, the heirs of high salvation.

And Angels wave their guardian wings around,
Communion with eternal things is ours,
Hopes brightening still, and joys that are not found
On this fair earth, with all her songs and flowers.

Where are our deeds in grateful service done ?
Where are the words with thankful rapture burning ?
Alas ! we all are cleansed ; there's scarcely one
With voice of praise, and works of love returning.

Ye late baptized in God's thrice holy name,
Whose glad young life in every vein rejoices,
Lo ! one poor leper puts your zeal to shame ;
Come, praise the Lord Christ with your infant voices.

But words are weak, when thoughts lie deep and strong,
And hearts run o'er in deeds their love expressing ;
Be all your holy lives one grateful song,
Be all your acts one voice of praise and blessing.

Verses for Holy Seasons.

WHITE APPAREL.

So keep thou, by calm prayer and searching thou
Thy Chrisom pure, that still, as weeks roll by,
And Heaven rekindles, gladdening earth and sky
The glow that from the grave our Champion bore
Pledge of high victory by His dread Wounds worn
Thou may'st put on the garb of Purity,
And from thy prayer look up with open eye,
Him owning, who from shame and sinful blot
Hath kept thee safe, nor suffered base desire
Thy soul to haunt, unhallowing the good hour.

Lyra Innocent



'He are to take care that this Child be brought to the Bishop to be confirmed by him, so soon as he can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, in the vulgar tongue, and be further instructed in the Church Catechism set forth for that purpose."

[PART.]

LITTLE CHILDREN BROUGHT UNTO CHRIST.

Be it yours, at reason's dawn,
 To their opening mind to hold
 Truths, by Jesus' Spirit drawn,
 And in Jesus' book inroll'd.
 There to point with holy awe,
 How in terrors spake the law ;
 And to bid these terrors cease,
 How the Gospel whispers peace !

Be it yours their childish step
 To the house of prayer to lead,
 There to form their childish lip
 To pronounce the Christian's creed :
 There devotion's voice to pour ;
 There imbibe religion's lore ;
 And to fix their ear attent
 On the teachers God hath sent !

Be it yours to bid them join
 Those who round yon chancel kneel,
 Studious to receive the sign
 Of their Father's love ; and seal,

Pledged anew, the Christian vow ;
While the modest head they bow,
And before the Church's face
Seek the Spirit's sevenfold grace !

As they tread the tangled maze
Christ's commission'd wait beside,
With His Word's enlight'ning rays
Charg'd their darkling course to guide.
To allure and lead them on,
Christ Himself before is gone.
Where His passing radiance glowed,
Gleams of glory mark the road.

BISHOP MANT.



O A CHILD ON THE EVENING OF HER BAPTISM.

SLEEP, little child, and take thy rest,
 And be thy spirit free ;
 Sleep sweetly on thy Saviour's breast—
 His love surroundeth thee.

The dews of heaven are gently shed
 Around thee and above ;
 The everlasting Arms are spread
 To compass thee with love.

I saw thee slumbering yester-even,
 And blessed the form so fair,
 And deemed the messengers of Heaven
 Would keep thee in their care.

But now thy home is God's own Ark,
 High o'er the flood of sin,
 And though around thee all be dark,
 The Lord hath shut thee in,—

Opened the windows from on high,
 And loosed the depths below,
 But 'tis thy Father rules the sky
 And bids the tempests blow.

Awhile drink in the lightened gale,
 And glad thy little heart,
 But, in each breeze that wafts the sail,
 May God His grace impart

Awhile set free thine infant tongue
To prattle childhood's story ;
But be thine earliest accents strung
To lisp thy Saviour's glory.

So when the swelling waters roar,
Thy spirit still shall come
Nearer and nearer evermore,
To thine eternal Home.

And when the Ark shall stay its flight
Upon the heavenly mountain,
Thou shalt come forth in robes of light
To drink at glory's fountain !



DEATH OF A NEWLY-BAPTIZED INFANT.

ETERNAL God ! Thy will be done !
To Angels I resign my son !
Short was his life on earth below,
And half his hours were hours of woe.
Sweet babe, farewell ! yet not in vain
Thy mother bore a mother's pain ;
Still may she joy, for she has given
A son to me, a saint to Heaven !
Haste, haste, my child, to Mercy's throne,
There bow with lowly reverence down,
And in thy little censer bear
Thy mother's tears, thy father's prayer ;
There, while seraphic hosts adore,
Go, and on bended knees implore
God's pardon for thy parents' sin,
And pray to meet them there again.

Unknown.



The Order of Confirmation.



SWEET Confirmation ! handmaid of the feast
Of Love Divine, which His blest voice ordains !
Thy work to trim and dress the upper room,
To furnish and prepare the place where He
Will hold communion with His erring child ;
The door through which He enters, to recline
With him who loves Him, at the Feast of Love.
Such Confirmation to the Eucharist !
Youth's ante-chamber to the furnish'd room
Of full communion.

The Parish.



"To the end that Confirmation may be ministered to the more edifying of such as shall receive it, the Church hath thought good to order, That none hereafter shall be Confirmed but such as can say the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments; and can also answer to such other questions, as in the Short Catechism are contained, which order is very convenient to be observed."

CONFIRMATION.

THE young ones gather'd in from hill and dale,
 With holyday delight on every brow.
 'Tis past away; far other thoughts prevail;
 For they are taking the baptismal vow
 Upon their conscious selves. Their own lips speak
 The solemn promise. Strongest sinews fail,
 And many a blooming, many a lovely cheek,
 Under the holy fear of God, turns pale;
 While on each head His lawn-robed servant lays
 An apostolic hand, and with prayer seals
 The covenant. The Omnipotent will raise
 Their feeble souls; and bear with his regrets
 Who, looking round the fair assemblage, feels
 That ere the sun goes down their childhood sets.

WORDSWORTH.

“ To the end that children being now come to the discretion, and having learned what their Godfath Godmothers promised for them in Baptism, th themselves, with their own mouth and consent, before the Church, ratify and confirm the sam also promise, that by the grace of God they will endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such thi they, by their own confession, have assented unto.”

CHRISTIAN CHIVALRY.

YOUNG warrior, lift thy glance on high ;

What Banner streams along thy destin'd way
The pardoning Cross,—His Cross who deigned t
To cleanse th' impure for His own bright arra
Wash thee in His dear blood, and trembling we
His holy Sign, and take thy station there.

Wash thee, and watch thine armour ; as of old
The champions vow'd of Truth and Purity,
Ere the bright mantle might their limbs enfold,
Or spear of theirs in knightly combat vie,
Three summer days and nights outwatched the s
high,

And found the time too short for busy dreams,
Pageants of airy prowess dawning nigh,
And fame far hovering with immortal beams.
And more than prowess theirs, and more than fa
No dream, but an abiding consciousness
Of an approving God, a righteous aim,
An arm outstretched to guide them and to bless.

Firm as steel bows for Angel's warfare bent,
They went abroad, not knowing where they went.

For why ?—the sacred Pentecostal eve
Had bath'd them with its own inspiring dew,
And gleams more bright than summer sunsets leave
Lingering well-nigh to meet the morn's fresh hue,
Dwelt on each heart ; as erst in memory true,
The Spirit's chosen heralds in all lands
Bore the bright tongues of fire. Thus, firm and few,
Now, in our fallen time, might faithful bands
Move on the eternal way, the goal in sight,
Nor to the left hand swerve for gale or shower,
Nor pleasure win them, wavering to the right.
Alone with Heaven they were that awful hour,
When their oath seal'd them to the war of Faith ;
Alone they will be at the hour of death.

Lyra Apostolica.

**"And also promise that by the grace of God they will evermore
endeavour themselves faithfully to observe such things, as
they, by their own confession, have assented unto."**

[PART.]

CHILDREN of God ! inheritors of Heaven !
Mourn not the perishing of each fair toy,
Ye were ordained to do, not to enjoy,
To suffer, which is nobler than to dare ;
A sacred burden in this life to bear.
Look on it, lift it, bear it solemnly,
Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly ;
Fail not for sorrow, falter not for sin,
But onward, upward, till the goal ye win !
God guard ye, and God guide ye on your way,
Young pilgrim warriors, who set forth to-day.

F. A. BUTLER.



.

Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your name at your Baptism; ratifying and confirming the same in your own persons, and acknowledging yourselves bound to believe, and to do, all those things which your God-fathers and Godmothers then undertook for you?"

THE CHILDREN OF THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Now went the old man up to the altar; and straightway he questioned:—

This is the faith of the Fathers, the faith the Apostles delivered;

this is moreover the faith whereunto I baptized you, while still ye

lay on your mothers' breasts, and nearer the portals of Heaven.

Numbering received you then the Holy Church in its bosom.

Now from your lips the confession; bethink ye, before ye make answer!

Think not, oh, think not with guile to deceive the questioning Teacher.

Perchance his eye to-day, and a curse ever rests upon falsehood.

Remember not with a lie on Life's journey; the multitude hears you,

Brothers, and sisters, and parents, what dear upon earth is and holy

Thus, then,—Believe ye in God, in the Father
world created ?

Him who redeemed it, the Son ? and the Spir
both are united ?

Will ye promise me here, (a holy promise !) to cl
God more than all things earthly, and every r
brother ?

Will ye promise me here to confirm your faith
living,

The heavenly faith of affection, to hope, to forgi
suffer,

Be what it may your condition, and walk befor
uprightness ?—

Will ye promise me this before God and man ?”

LONG

Do ye here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation,
renew the solemn promise and vow that was made in your
name at your Baptism ? ”

“ YOUTHS and maidens, wherefore meet ye
In this sacred house of prayer ?
Come ye with glad hearts and willing
Jesus’ name and Cross to share ? ”

“ We come ere earthly sorrows
Have dimmed our young life’s joy ;
We come ere earthly troubles
Our cares and thoughts employ ;
We come ere yet we enter
A path untried, untrod ;
Freely we come, and solemnly
We give ourselves to God.”

“ YOUTHS and maidens, wherefore stand ye
While so many gaze around ?
Say what mean those words so thrilling,
Which through arch and aisle resound ? ”

“ We stand before His presence
Whom heaven and earth adore,
His foes and ours renouncing,
Now and for evermore.
The world, the flesh, the devil,
From henceforth we resist,
And in the ranks of Jesus,
Our Saviour King, enlist.”

" Youths and maidens, wherefore kneel ye
While the aged pastor prays ?

Say what means that loud assenting,
What that organ's note of praise ?"

" We kneel in supplication ;
Our very strength is weak ;
But, with the pastor's blessing,
The Spirit's help we seek.
The last ' Amen ' has sounded,
'Tis echoed deep and long,
On earth by Christian voices,
In heaven by seraphs' song."

" Youths and maidens, earth will wonder
Should ye keep these high resolves,
While temptations fresh beset you
As each day and hour revolves."

" We know it, but our Saviour
Hath overcome the world,
And His victorious banner
This day we have unfurled.
We may be flattered, tempted,
Or buffeted and slain ;
But on the loved of Jesus
Earth smiles and frowns in vain."

" Youths and maidens, evil passions
Dwell intrenched in every heart ;
How shall ye gain strength and courage
With your cherished lusts to part ?"

"Taught by the Holy Spirit
 To know and mourn our sin,
 We hope, by His renewing,
 To be made pure within.
 The blood of Jesus sprinkled
 On every burdened soul,
 The love of God enkindled,
 Will make us clean and whole."

"Youths and maidens, fallen spirits
 Watch you with malicious eye,
 Jealously they see you claiming
 Their lost places in the sky."
 "Immanuel is our Captain ;
 Jesus, the King, we own ;
 And all the powers of darkness
 By Him were overthrown.
 He will be our Defender,
 Though countless hosts assail ;
 And, strong in His protection,
 Hell shall not make us quail."

"Youths and maidens, ye have taken
 Solemn and eternal vows ;
 Ye have joined the few in number
 Who Jehovah's cause espouse.
 Now, like trees with blossom laden,
 Beautiful and fair ye stand ;
 Now, like vessels richly freighted,
 Bound to Canaan's happy land !"

Yet those blossoms may be blighted,
 Though with richest promise fraught
 And oftentimes the stateliest vessels
 Fail to reach the destined port.
 Ye may be but barren branches,
 Severed by the Master's hand ;
 Ye may *see* far in the distance,
 But not reach the promised land.

“ Youths and maidens, now be faithful ;
 Snares beset you thickly round ;
 Praying, watching, striving, trusting,
 Ever conquering, be ye found.
 If His grace has made you willing
 In His strength ‘to serve the Lord,’
 Earth shall be your scene of warfare,
 Heaven your rest and your reward.”

J.







"I do."

WHILE others strive and hope in vain,
 Bound to the world and slaves to sin,
 A nobler toil may I fulfil,
 A heavenly crown and treasure win.

May I resolve, with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord ;
 Nor ever from His law depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, fixed, determined choice—
 To yield to His supreme control,
 And in His kind commands rejoice.

Oh ! may I never faint and tire,
 Nor, wandering, lose His sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my heart's desire,
 And let my life declare Thy praise.

ANON.

"*I do.*"

O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
 On Thee, my Saviour and my God !
 Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
 And tell its raptures all abroad.

O happy bond that seals my vows
 To Him who claims our highest love !
 Let cheerful anthems fill His house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.

'Tis done ; the great engagement's done ;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine :
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Glad to confess the voice Divine !

Now rest, my long-divided heart ;
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest ;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.

High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.

Unkno

"I do."

SINCE, Lord, to Thee
 A narrow way and little gate
 Is all the passage, on my infancy
 Thou didst lay hold, and antedate
 My faith in me ;

Oh, let me still
 Write Thee great God, and me a child.
 Let me be soft and supple to Thy will.
 Small to myself, to others mild,
 Be hither ill.

GEORGE HERBERT.





"Our help is in the name of the Lord."

RENEWAL OF THE VOW.

I AM baptized into Thy name,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 Among Thy seed a place I claim,
 Among Thy consecrated host ;
 Buried with Christ, and dead to sin,
 Thy Spirit now shall live within.

My loving Father, here dost Thou
 Proclaim me as Thy child and heir ;
 My faithful Saviour bidd'st me now
 The fruit of all Thy sorrows share ;
 Thou Holy Ghost, wilt comfort me
 When darkest clouds around I see.

And I have promised fear and love,
 And to obey Thee, Lord, alone ;
 I felt Thy Spirit in me move,
 And dared to pledge myself Thine own,
 Renouncing sin, to keep the faith,
 And war with evil to the death.

My faithful God, upon Thy side
 This covenant standeth fast for aye,
 If I transgress through fear or pride,
 Oh, cast me therefore not away ;
 If I have sore my soul defiled,
 Yet still forgive, restore Thy child.

I bring Thee here, my God, anew,
 Of all I am, or have, the whole,
 Quicken my life, and make me true,
 Take full possession of my soul :
 Let nought within me, nought I own,
 Serve any will but Thine alone.

Hence, Prince of Darkness ! hence, my foe
 Another Lord hath purchased me.
 My conscience tells of sin, yet know,
 Baptized in Christ, I fear not thee !
 Away, vain World, Sin, leave me now,
 I turn from you ; God hears my vow.

And never let me waver more,
 O Father, Son, and Holy Ghost ;
 Till at Thy will this life is o'er,
 Still keep me in Thy faithful host,
 So unto Thee I live and die,
 And praise Thee evermore on high !

Lyra German

ur help is in the name of the Lord, who hath made Heaven
and Earth."

O God ! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope in years to come ;
Our Shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal Home !
Beneath the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,
And our Defence is sure !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God !
To endless years the same.
O God ! our Help in ages past,
Our Hope in years to come !
Be Thou our Guard while life shall last,
And our eternal Home !

WATTS.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord, henceforth, world without
end."

BLESSED be Thy Name for ever,
Thou of life the Guard and Giver !
Thou canst guard Thy creatures sleeping ;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever !

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they Thou kindly keepest ;
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That risest from the azure sea
Like breathings of eternity.
God of Life, that fade shall never,
Blessed be Thy Name for ever !

JAMES HOGG.

Lord, hear our prayer : and let our cry come unto Thee."

MIGHTY God ! the Holy One !
 Dwelling in eternity !
 How shall we approach Thy throne ?
 How may sinners come to Thee ?
 Where Thine awful glories blaze,
 Scarce can holy angels gaze.

Yet, though high Thy dwelling-place,
 All our thoughts and praise above,
 Humble souls may seek Thy face,
 God of glory ! God of love !
 Love that comes a heavenly guest
 To the contrite sinner's breast.

Father ! hear us when we pray ;
 Saving grace and strength impart ;
 Wash our inmost guilt away ;
 Give the lowly, faithful heart :
 Thou, our everlasting Friend,
 Guide, and bless us to the end.

Unknown.

"And let our cry come unto Thee."

WHEN the threefold Name was spoken,
 When the sacred sign was made ;
 When upon our brows the token
 Of our Baptism was laid ;

Threefold was the sacred promise,—
 To renounce, believe, and do ;
 God of mercy,—turn not from us,
 When those vows we here renew.

From the devil and his dangers,
 From the pomp and pride of life ;
 Lord, as pilgrims and as strangers,
 Keep us in the holy strife.

From all lusts, depraved and fleshly,
 Set our struggling spirits free ;
 Strike the rock,—and gushing freshly,
 All our springs be found in Thee.

Thee—by whom we Heaven inherit,
 We, for Thee, the world forsake,
 Called by Thine Almighty Spirit,
 And received for Jesus' sake.

REV. J. S. B. MONSEI



Almighty and ever-living God, who hast vouchsafed to regenerate these Thy servants by water and the Holy Ghost, and hast given unto them forgiveness of all their sins."

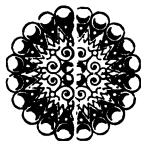
WHERE is the brow to bear in mortals' sight
The crown of pure angelic Light ?
And where the favoured eye
Through the dim air the radiance to descry ?
An infant on its mother smiling,
Washed from the world and sin's defiling,
And to Faith's arm restored, while yet
With the blest dew its cheeks are wet ;—
There Christ hath sworn seraphic Light shall be ;
There eyes, the Light to see.

He who vouchsafed to kindle that pure glow
Will feed it day and night, we know,
By duteous fear of sin
Fanned into flame the virgin heart within,
Till once again, at Angels' warning,
Heaven-gates shall part as clouds of morning,
And the confirming Spirit pour
His glory where young hearts adore :
There is Heaven's Light ; there, if true pastors be,
Are eyes, the Light to see.

And what if there some favoured one should kneel,
Whom in His time the Lord will seal,

High in the Mount to draw
Light uncorrupt from His pure fontal law ;
Then 'mid his brethren bear unknowing
The lustre keen within him glowing,
But veil it, when he feels their gaze,
As Moses veiled the Sinai rays ?—
Blest, who so shines ; and blest the thoughtful few
Who see that brightness true.

Lyra Innocentis



strengthen them, we beseech Thee, O Lord, with the Holy Ghost, the Comforter."

LORD, dare we pray Thee dwell within
 Our hearts, defiled by wilful sin ?
 Signed with the cross in childhood's morn,
 Adopted sons, and soldiers sworn ;
 Then fostered by Thy Church's care,
 By praise, by teaching, and by prayer.
 Too soon, by youth and passion flushed,
 Baptismal seeds of grace we crushed ;
 Bade Thee, O Holy Ghost, depart,
 And gave to earth our earthly heart.
 Yet who, save Thee, can youth renew,
 And quench its fires in quickening dew ?
 And who, in manhood's noonday beam,
 Can lead, save Thee, to comfort's stream ?
 Oh, if Thou seest us erring still,
 Oh, bend to Thine our stubborn will,
 And bring us to Thy fold again,
 (If need), by chastisements and pain.
 Bring us, by sickness and by health,
 By tribulation and by wealth.
 Bring us by all the powers of sense,
 By all the course of Providence ;
 By inmost conscience, not yet dumb ;
 By all the past, by all to come.
 By God's best gifts,—His Son to die,
 And Thee, our hearts to sanctify.
 Bring us, before our sun go down,
 To bear the cross, to win the crown.

“ And daily increase in them Thy manifold gifts of grace.”

Look down, O Lord, and on our youth
 Bestow the gift of heavenly grace ;
 And let the seed of sacred truth
 Find in each heart a fruitful place.

Soon to appear before Thy sight,
 Their vow and promise to renew,
 Prepare them for the solemn rite ;
 Bid each his heart and life review.

The cross that marked their infant-brow,
 May it a faithful emblem prove,
 That they shall keep that sacred vow,
 And walk as children of Thy love.

Thy sons and daughters may they be,
 Confirm'd and strengthen'd by Thy grace ;
 And, safe through life preserved by Thee,
 In Heaven behold Thee, face to face.

Unknown.

"Daily increase in them Thy manifold gifts of grace."

FATHER, Son, and Spirit, hear
Faith's effectual fervent prayer ;
Hear, and our petitions seal ;
Let us now the answer feel.
Still our fellowship increase,
Knit us in the bond of peace ;
Join our new-born spirits, join
Each to each, and all to Thine.

Build us in one body up,
Called in one high calling's hope ;
One, the Spirit whom we claim,
One, the pure Baptismal flame ;
One, the Faith and common Lord ;
One, the Father lives adored ;
Over, through, and in us all,
God incomprehensible.

One with God, the Source of bliss,
Ground of our communion this :
Life of all that live below,
Let Thine emanations flow !
Rise eternal, in our heart,
Thou our long-sought Eden art ;
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be to us what Adam lost.

"Daily increase in them Thy manifold gifts of grace."

FATHER, whose love and truth fulfil
 The covenant in Abraham's seed ;
 Confirm in us the sacred seal,
 And make our children Thine indeed.

Jesus, through Thine appointed rite,
 The promised grace we humbly claim :
 Children were lovely in Thy sight,
 And, Lord, Thy love is still the same.

Eternal Spirit ! Holy Dove !
 Who once on God's beloved Son
 Wast seen descending from above,
 Their new and heavenly birthright own.

Thrice holy Lord ! whose name we bear,
 Confirm our faith ; renew our love ;
 Oh, let Thy grace our hearts prepare
 For glory in the world above.

Unknown.

"The spirit of wisdom and understanding."

THIS thy helplessness to know
Is thy best wisdom here below ;
Yea, this to know is to be wise
In Heaven-revealed mysteries :
This is the wisdom of the skies.

The Baptistery.



“ The spirit of counsel and ghostly strength.”

WHAT man is he that boasts of fleshly might
And vain assurance of mortality—
Which all, so soon as it doth come to fight
Against spiritual foes, yields by and bye,
Or from the field most cowardly doth fly?
Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
That thorough grace has gained victory :
If any strength we have, it is to ill,
But all the good is God's, the power, and eke the will.

Spenser.



"The spirit of knowledge and true godliness."

COME, Spirit from above !

Earth, washed with blood of Him that died,
With eyes of awe and love,
Awaits Thee, calm and purified.

Come, in the holy name

Of Him who hath gone up on high :
With Thy Baptism of flame
Cleanse Thou our hearts, and sanctify.

A Father, gone from sight,

We mourn ; pity our orphanhood,
And with Thy gentle might
Heal us, and help us to be good.

The lesson His sweet care

Forbore to teach th' untutored heart,
As yet, unschooled to bear,
With Thy life-giving dew impart.

The things, by seers of old

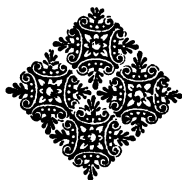
Darkly and dim in shadows seen,
Nations come to behold ;
For Thou hast rent the veil between.

Thy blest anointing give ;

The letters, now on mute heart writ,
Then shall come forth and live,
By Thy celestial brightness lit.

Throughout eternity,
Unto the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, glory be ;
The Spirit, binding Three in One.

Translated from the Latin.



And fill them, O Lord, with the spirit of Thy holy fear,
now and for ever. Amen."

CHRISTIAN child, who'er thou be,
Purer oil than David knew,
Mingling with baptismal dew,
Heaven hath dropped on thee.

Strength is given thee, watch to keep
O'er the lamb He bought so dear,
Thine own soul to watch in fear :—
Sleep no faithless sleep.

When the Lion and the Bear,
Childish Pride and childish Wrath,
Lay athwart thy morning path,
Thou didst win by prayer.

Now a mightier foe is nigh ;
Holy hands for a new strife
Thee have stored with ampler life :
Set thine heart on high.

Not with sword, and shield, and lance,
But with charm-words from our Book,
Gems from our baptismal Brook,
Meet his stern advance.

He, through every gate of sense,
Eye, and ear, taste, touch, and smell,

Fain would hurl the shafts of hell :
 Seek thou strong defence.

Guard, in time, those portals five,
 With the smooth stones, from the Fount,
 With the Law from God's own Mount :
 So thy war shall thrive.

Keep thy staff—the Cross—in hand ;
 Thou shalt see the giant foe
 By the word of Faith laid low ;
 O'er him conquering stand.

Mark and use the trial-hour :
 When his whispers nearest sound,
 Be thou then most faithful found,
 Then tread down his power.

Stripling though thou be, and frail,
 Thy right hand shall wield his sword,
 Wield, and take his head abhorred ;—
 Christ in thee prevail !

Lyra Innocentium.





Defend, O Lord, this Thy Child with Thy heavenly grace,
that he may continue Thine for ever."

CONFIRMATION.

PLEDG'D was their faith in infancy : but now,
When opening years the reasoning soul reveal,
Before yon altar's rails behold them kneel,
Ingenuous youths and maidens ! There they bow
The modest head, and there the early vow
With words of solemn Confirmation seal,
And on their brow the hand confirming feel
Of Christ's high minister. O God, do Thou
Save and defend Thy children ! Gracious Lord,
Father, Thy hand be o'er, Thy Spirit's grace
Be ever with them, and Thy powerful Word
Their light and leader ! Awful is the race
Before them set, with toil and peril stored ;
And steep the pathway to behold Thy face !

Musings on the Church Services.

“ Daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, till he
come to Thy everlasting kingdom.”

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save ;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o’er the grave.

He triumphed over sin and death,
When, by His sacred blood
Confirmed and sealed for evermore,
Th’ eternal covenant stood.

Oh, may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still.

That to perfection’s sacred height
We nearer yet may rise ;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

Unknown.

daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more, until
he come unto Thy everlasting kingdom."

THOU child of man, fall down,
With contrite heart, and low ;—
Inheritor, by fleshly birth,
Of exile, death, and woe.

Thou child of man, rejoice !
The Righteous One hath died :
Behold, by faith, thy seals of love,
His hands, His feet, His side.

Thou child of man, that Blood
Upon thy door we trace ;
The signal of that mighty Cross
We stamp upon thy face.

Servant of God, go forth,
Clad in Thy Saviour's name.
Like Him, thou must endure the cross ;
Like Him, despise the shame.

Servant of God, hope on,
Through tempests and through tears ;
The pillar of His presence see,
Lighting the waste of years.

Servant of God, farewell !
Thy bed of death is made ;

Go, with His glorious countenance
To light thee through the shade.

Servant of God, all hail !
The bright-haired army waits ;
And greeting angels round thy path
Throng through the jasper gates.

“ Servant of God, well done ! ”
The judgment is His own ;
Pass to the inner Light, and sit
With Him upon the throne !

DEAN ALFORD.





THE LORD'S PRAYER.

BUT when our Childhood's morn was ending,
And we 'neath holy hands were bending,
Beside that Altar's witness-stone
That prayer had caught an altered tone.
The cheek with shame and hope was burning,
To a lost Father's house returning ;
It seem'd to chide, and yet to cheer ;
And to that blending hope and fear
It brought our endless birthright near ;
And from the rude world seemed to sever,
Binding us to that shrine for ever.

The Cathedral.





"Almighty and ever-living God, who makest us both to will
and to do those things that be good and acceptable to Thy
Divine Majesty."

As he that sees a dark and shady grove
Stays not, but looks beyond it on the sky,
So, when I view my sins, mine eyes remove
More backward still, and to that water fly
Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
O blessed streams ! either you do prevent
And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,
Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
In you Redemption measures all my time,
And spreads the plaister equal to the crime :
You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
Whatever future sins should me miscall,
Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

GEORGE HERBERT.

"We make our humble supplications unto Thee for these Thy
servants."

WHEN kneeling at the hallowed Font,
To Heaven we lift our prayer,
Hear, gracious Lord, as Thou art wont,
And be thou present there.

Have mercy on Thy little ones,
Whom we present to Thee,
And make them Thine adopted sons,
From guilt and error free.

Change Thou the carnal heart within,
And make it all Thine own ;
Dead to the world, the flesh, and sin,
Alive to Thee alone.

Praise to the Son, through whom alone
Our stains of guilt are lost ;
Like praise be to the Father done,
And to the Holy Ghost.

Salisbury Hymn Book.

We make our humble supplications unto Thee for these Thy
servants."

THINK of that day when each brother
To his brother shall be known.
If thy prayers have saved another,
And thy service God shall own,
How well repaid will be thy toils and pain,
If thou shalt meet him there, where joys eternal reign !

They, who in this world of sorrow
Seek for God's life-giving Face,
Something from the next shall borrow,
Loving God's own hiding-place ;
Like Angels who around in stillness steal,
And God Himself, Who loves unseen to work our weal.

But, when over life's short fever,
They who many turn to good,
Like the stars shall shine for ever,
Bright, eternal brotherhood,
Building their houses in that City free,
Which God Himself shall gird with immortality.

The Baptistery.

"Upon whom (after the example of Thy Holy Apostles) we have now laid our hands, to certify them (by this sign) of Thy favour and gracious goodness towards them."

———Thy champions, ere the strife,
By holy hands o'ershadowed kneel,
And, fearless for their charmed life,
Bear, to the end, Thy Spirit's seal.

Spirit of might and sweetness too !
Now leading on the wars of God,
Now to green isles of shade and dew
Turning the waste Thy people trod ;

Draw, Holy Ghost, Thy sevenfold veil
Between us and the fires of youth ;
Breathe, Holy Ghost, Thy freshening gale,
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And, oft as sin and sorrow tire,
The hallowed hour do Thou renew,
When, beckoned up the awful choir,
By pastoral hands towards Thee we drew ;

When trembling at the sacred rail
We hid our eyes and held our breath,
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,
And longed to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced
That blessing dear, that dove-like hand,
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,
O'ershadowing all the weary land.

Let Thy Fatherly Hand, we beseech Thee, ever be over
them."

OH, may you be of those, while time is given,
Who hide beneath that saving, sheltering wing,
Outstretched to gather us with earnest call !
Sweet e'en His words reproving, when address'd
Unto that little flock—His tender care—
To whom His Father had the kingdom given :
" O ye of little faith, to be afraid
Of angry winds and storms !"

* * * * *

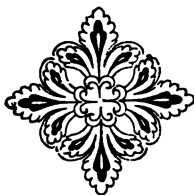
Oh that on these around us Thou wouldst set
The shield of Thy protection, that ourselves
May harm them not, nor soil by any taint
Of our example.

The Christian Seasons.

"Let thy Holy Spirit ever be with them."

SPEED on, ye happy Sunday hours, O speed
The moment when a richer gift shall crown
A riper faith : when Childhood, casting down
Her innocent vesture, the pure Chrisom weed,
Shall claim the sevenfold radiance, erst decreed
Where true hearts kneel 'neath Apostolic hands.

Lyra Innocentium.



'And so lead them in the knowledge and obedience of Thy Word, that in the end they may obtain everlasting life.'

O THOU that teachest knowledge unto man,
Who givest the seeing eye, the hearing ear,
Whom to love is to know, to know is life,
Teach me to hear Thee, and with eyes and ears
Take in Thy counsels sent to one that's born
To live with Thee for ever.

The Christian Seasons.



“ Through our Lord Jesus Christ, who with Thee and the Holy Ghost liveth and reigneth, ever one God, world without end. Amen.”

JESUS, hear Thou our petitions :

Thou art all our glory ;

And known to Thee is every want

Ere we come before Thee.

To Thee, the Son, our voice we raise,

Father, and Spirit, Thee we praise,

All love to Thee, all adoration !

Latin Hymns.





“O Almighty Lord, and everlasting God, bouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern both our hearts and bodies in the ways of Thy laws, and in the works of Thy commandments.”

As long as life shall last
 Ourselves to Christ we yield ;
 From Him through grace will ne’er depart,
 Nor ever quit the field.

Lord, guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in Thy ways ;
 And while we turn our vows to prayers,
 Turn Thou our prayers to praise !

BEDDOME.



**"Vouchsafe, we beseech Thee, to direct, sanctify, and govern
both our hearts and bodies."**

COME, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom we for our children cry ;
The good desired and needed most
Out of Thy richest gifts supply ;
The sacred discipline be given,
To win and mould their hearts for heaven.

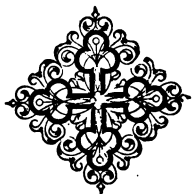
Help us to keep Thy watch and ward,
The lines that nothing can outwear,
Stamped deeply by Thy Hand, O Lord !
The dread Baptismal character.
Oh, teach us by Thy grace the way
To make it brighter day by day.

The cloudy stain do Thou remove,
The dimness both of heart and mind ;
And grant the wisdom from above,
The pure, the peaceable, the kind ;
Their knowledge such as Eden knew,
Their very thoughts all pure and true.

As plants upon Thy holy Hill,
As pillars in Thine awful Dome,
May each grow up, and flourish still—
Each find on earth a holy home,
Where loving hearts, and truthful love,
May train them for the Home above.

Father, accept them through Thy Son,
And ever by Thy Spirit guide ;
Thy wisdom in their lives be shown,
Thy Name confess'd and glorified ;
Thy power and love diffused abroad,
Till all the earth be filled with God !

Salisbury Hymn Book.



"In the ways of Thy laws, and in the works of Thy commandments."

OH, may I on the world's dark face
That strait and narrow pathway trace,
Marked out by tears, and tears of gore,
Ploughed by the Cross my Saviour bore ;
Nor faintly pause, nor idly view,
But bear my cross, and follow too !

May every blast of misery,
That sweeps along this world's dark sky,
But spread the fuller to my sight
The Banner under which I fight :
That I, a faithful soldier be,
And live to Him Who died for me !

My only peace, to war within
Against the devil, world, and sin :—
My only triumph, to lay down
For Him who won for me—my crown ;—
My only life, life's close to see,
And die to Him Who lives for me !

Unknown.

That through Thy most mighty protection, both now and ever,
we may be preserved in body and soul."

BAPTIZED into Thy glorious Name,
Ere yet the dawn of reason came,
Now are we taught that Name to know ;—
Help us thy worthy praise to show.

The water on our foreheads fell—
Within us let Thy Spirit dwell !
Thy promised inward grace impart,
To wash the soul, and cleanse the heart.

Then dead to sin, to God alive,
May we as Christian soldiers strive ;
Satan, the world, the flesh subdue,
Thy word believe, Thy path pursue !

Lord, make the Cross which marked our brows
The faithful emblem of our vows :
Thine may we be, Thy truth maintain,
And Thine eternal kingdom gain !

Unknown.

"That we may be preserved in body and soul, through our
Lord Jesus Christ. Amen."

PARDON'D through redeeming grace,
In Thy blessed Son reveal'd,
Worshipping before Thy face,
Lord, to Thee ourselves we yield.

Thou the sacrifice receive,
Humbly offered through Thy Son ;
Quicken us in Him to live ;
Lord, in us Thy will be done.

By the hallow'd outward sign,
By the cleansing grace within,
Seal, and make us wholly Thine ;
Wash, and keep us pure within.

Call'd to bear the Christian name,
May our vows and life accord ;
And our ev'ry deed proclaim
"Holiness unto the Lord !"

Unknown.



The blessing of God Almighty, the Father, the Son, and
the Holy Ghost, be upon you, and remain with you for
ever. Amen."

O HOLY, Blessed, Glorious Three,
Eternal Witnesses that be,
In Heaven, One God in Trinitie !

As here on earth, when men withstood
The Spirit, Water and the Blood
Made my Lord's Incarnation good :

So let the anti-types in me,
Elected, bought and seal'd for free,
Be owned, saved, sainted by You Three !

HENRY VAUGHAN.





THE
HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF
NEW-YORK
FROM
ITS FIRST SETTLEMENT
TO THE PRESENT
TIME.
BY
J. C. HEATON.
NEW-YORK:
PUBLISHED BY
J. C. HEATON,
10 NASSAU ST.
1853.

"The Lord be with you."

THE Lord in trouble hear thee,
 And help from Zion send !
 The God of peace be near thee,
 To succour and befriend !
 Thy human weakness strengthen,
 Thy earthly wants supply !
 Thy span of nature lengthen,
 To endless life on high !

Above His own anointed
 His Banner bright shall wave ;
 Their times are all appointed,
 The Lord His flock shall save ;
 Through life's deceitful mazes
 Their steps will safely bear,
 Accept their feeble praises,
 And hear their every prayer.

Go on, thou heir of glory !
 No ill can thee betide ;
 The prize is full before thee,
 Thy Guardian at thy side.
 Who trust in mortal forces
 Their weakness soon shall see ;
 But God a sure resource is,
 And God shall succour thee !

REV. F. F. LUTK.

"I beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith
ye are called."

COME, brethren, let us go,
The evening closeth round ;
'Tis perilous to linger here,
Even on this sacred ground.
Take courage as ye wend
On towards eternity ;
From strength to strength your course shall be,
And good, at last, your end.

We shall not rue our choice,
Though strait our path and steep,
We know that He who call'd us here
His word shall ever keep.
Then follow, trusting ; come,
And let each set his face
Toward yon fair and blessed place,
Intent to reach our Home.

Come, children, let us go !
Our Father is our Guide ;
And when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits He would cheer,
The sunshine of His love
Revives and helps us as we rove,
Ah ! blest our lot e'en here !

Each hasten bravely on,
 Not yet our goal is near ;
 Look to the fiery pillar oft,
 That tells the Lord is here.
 Onward your glances send,—
 Love beckons us,—nor think
 That they who, following, chance to sink,
 Shall miss their journey's end.

Come, children, let us go !
 We travel hand in hand ;
 Each in his brother finds his joy
 In this wild stranger land.
 As children let us be,
 Nor by the way fall out :
 The Angels guard us round about,
 And help us brotherly.

It will not last for long,
 A little farther roam ;
 It will not last much longer now
 Ere we shall reach our Home ;
 There shall we ever rest,
 There with our Father dwell,
 With all the saints who served Him well,
 There truly, deeply blest.

For this all things we dare,—
 'Tis worth the risk, I trow,—
 Renouncing all that clogs our course,
 Or weighs us down below.

O world, thou art too small !
 We seek another higher,
 Whither Christ guides us ever nigher,
 Where God is all in all.

Friend of our perfect choice,
 Thou Joy of all that live,
 Being that know'st not chance nor change,
 What courage Thou dost give !
 All beauty, Lord, we see,
 All bliss, and life, and love,
 In Him in whom we live and move,
 And we are glad in Thee !

Lyra Germanica.

THE END.









